National Anti-Slavery Standard.

SYDNEY HOWARD GAY, EDITOR. Without Concealment---Without Compromise. EDMUND QUINCY, JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, COR. EDITORS.

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Pro-Slavery.

THE BRITISH ALLIANCE AND AMERICAN SLAVERY.

We have the pleasure (says the *Journal of Commerce*) of laying before our readers the following address of our fellow countryman, Rev. Dr. BAIRD, at the annual meeting of the British Alliance, in London, on the 21st ultimo. Dr. Baird deserves the thanks of the American churches and people for his faithful but kind rebuke of the arrogant pretensions of the British Alliance, on a subject concerning which the most of them are very ill informed, and the practical difficulties of which they do not understand. The speech as here presented, though not exactly what Dr. Baird said, is such in substance, having been revised for the *Journal of Commerce* by the author himself, from a report in one of the London papers.

The Rev. Dr. BAIRD, of New York, after pleading for indulgence, on the ground of ill health and physical weakness, proceeded to say: I know not that I ever undertook a sadder task than that of making the present address, for it must contain some things which will be heard with pain by all upon whose ears it will fall. It will affect none, however, more than it will him who presents it.

Perhaps it is right that this duty should be performed by me: in some respects there is a special propriety in my undertaking it. In addition to the fact that, though an American, I sustain a peculiar relation to this assembly—for in my veins flows the blood of Scotchmen, Welshmen, Irishmen, Englishmen, and Germans (my children have an advantage over me in the fact that in their veins is the blood of Frenchmen and Dutchmen)—I have resided so much in Europe, and laboured so much for the cause of the kingdom of Christ, in almost all parts of it, that although I have lost no interest in my own country, I feel a deep interest in all those lands which are represented in this assembly. If anything, therefore, must be said about America, that will give pain to others, it may be fitting for me to say it.

Upon the return of the American brethren who took part in the annual meeting in London in 1846, no time was lost in calling the attention of the Christian public to the subject. Several large and interesting meetings were held in the city of New York, at which the doctrinal articles and practical resolutions of the Alliance were discussed, and statements made by brethren who were present at the meeting in London. Many of the members put themselves to great inconvenience, by coming from distant parts, at that inclement season of the year, to attend these meetings." During the anniversaries in New York, in the month of May, 1849, after much consideration and discussion, the articles of the General Alliance were accepted with entire unanimity, and such resolutions adopted, as would, it was supposed, put the dreadful question which was the cause of so much difficulty in London, in as acceptable a shape as was consistent with the maintenance of affinity with the General Alliance. Auxiliaries were speedily formed in several places, some of them of more than common interest. Meetings for prayer, at which all denominations of Christians united, were held in many places. In many of the smaller cities and towns, meetings were called at which the sacred cause of Christian union received a fresh impulse. Many of the religious newspapers were pervaded by an Alliance spirit more than ever before. A monthly magazine called the *Christian Union* was commenced in the year 1848, and carried on originally under the editorial management of my family for three years; it forms three large and valuable octavo volumes. As neither my health nor other duties permitted me to be longer responsible for this work, it ceased in the year 1850. It was carried on gratuitously on my part, and at considerable loss to the excellent publisher, Mr. Hueston, one of the sincerest friends of the Alliance cause in America; but there is reason to believe that much good was done. For several years meetings were held in New-York in reference to this duty of Christian union, and there is abundant evidence that the meeting has done much good even in America. The brethren who attended the meeting in London were, I am sure, greatly benefitted. Many have acknowledged that they were made better men by these meetings, the memory of which will be ever precious. Most of those brethren still remain, though some of them—and among them the excellent Emery and Caldwell—are "fallen asleep."

It must be confessed, however, that though the movement has done much good in America—good enough, and far more than enough, to justify all the trouble and expense which it has occasioned, yet it has been in a great degree a failure. It has accomplished but little in comparison with what was fondly hoped when it was projected, and little in comparison with what it would have done if it had had a fair chance. The American brethren who were in London in 1846, and returned home with heavy hearts, were some of them among the first, if they were not the very first, to propose the movement. They had written much about the movement, prayed much over it, and they believed that it might accomplish four things without much difficulty. First, form and set forth a statement of doctrine in which all Evangelical Protestants could unite; Secondly, bring together, from time to time, a great amount of valuable information respecting the state and progress of the kingdom of our Lord in all countries; Thirdly, promote the union and fellowship of true Christians by making them better acquainted with each other's faith, character, and trials; and, Fourthly, unite all true Protestants more perfectly in efforts to resist their old enemy, the Man of Sin, in all the various forms of attack which he may choose to make.

They supposed that all who were members of any of the branches of the one true Church of God, might be received as members of this holy Alliance, with the confidence that if there were evils with which any of them were for a time entangled, and which might seem, or might be, under certain circumstances, inconsistent with true religion, they would be better dealt with, and more certainly removed by the proper ecclesiastical organizations, than by such an alliance as was proposed. For this same reason they would have left all national and local evils to national and local agencies. They believed, for instance, much as they might be shocked with the wine-drinking and brandy-drinking habits which prevailed, and do still prevail among some ministers of religion—and which make them far less worthy of confidence than they otherwise might be—they believed, I say, that the sin of the improper use of intoxicating beverages would be removed through the progress of light and the influence of kindness. They did not believe that the presence of unworthy members was going to prevent either the communion of saints or the communion of their Saviour, for in that case they could not be members of any Church in this world.

They were willing, if a second evidence may be stated, to propose an alliance with brethren of England, brethren of Germany, and brethren of other countries, who held with the greatest earnestness that union between the Church and State is both scriptural and useful; although there is, probably, not one of those American brethren who does not believe in his inmost soul—and I certainly agree with them—that the same alliance of Church and State is the greatest evil that has ever befallen the Church of Christ—that it has done more, for fifteen centuries, a hundred-fold more, to corrupt sound doctrine, to blend the world and the Church, to subvert the rights of conscience, and of religious worship, and, in a word, to prevent men from entering into heaven—than all the Slavery that has ever existed; and yet with this belief they were never guilty of the folly of refusing to meet and acknowledge Christian brethren who approve and uphold this pernicious alliance, and share in its emoluments. They had thought the progress of light would in time enable some to do what the late Robert Hall pronounced very hard, namely, to see through a guinea. Time will certainly be required for the emancipation of the Church, from this dreadful evil. For did we not hear, the other day, an invitation from a great doctor to appoint a committee of five brethren to go to his hospitable mansion, and at his expense, and there sit down and investigate the truth on the subject of religion? Did he not intimate that the civil magistrate has a right to interfere in the matter of religion? Although I have no ambition to be a member of that august committee, should it be sent to Durham, yet I should be very willing to sit at the feet of this British Gamaliel—and I use the word in no derisive sense, for I consider Dr. Townsend your most learned English expounder of the Divine Law—for twice ten days, but I think the truth of the proposition which I have mentioned will not easily be demonstrated.

The American brethren soon began to see their fears realized. A resolution, adopted at Manchester, gave them notice of the coming difficulty. Still they came to London, to the great meeting in 1846, hoping for the best. At the very threshhold they were met with a resolution, by way of test, which was felt to be not very courteous, as determining the terms of an Alliance, which was expected to be not for Britain only, but for the world. But even this was got over, and the American brethren entered the Alliance. The long and painful discussions which followed are well known. The American brethren returned home with a heavy heart: That happened which they feared and anticipated. It was impossible to make the movement successful among us. Very few of those even who had been decidedly favourable to it before, would take any part in it now. The restriction was felt to be unjust, and was unjust, inasmuch as it was certain to operate cruelly upon many persons in the slaveholding States, who most need, as they most deserve, the succour which Christian sympathy can give. There are forms of this great evil which no men who have the light that we have, or think we have, can fail to pronounce to be utterly inconsistent with true religion, or with any religion which requires justice to our fellow men; as, for instance, where the thing is voluntary, and mercenary, and cruel. There are many cases, on the other hand, where the case is far otherwise, from the State laws, from the position of the master, or from the age or condition of the slave.

This was felt because understood by many of the best men in America; and they stood aloof from our Alliance. Besides, the whole affair had an unfavourable aspect. There was an appearance of foreign dictation—I say an appearance, for I know the intention will be disclaimed. And it came from the last quarter from which it should have come; it came from England, by which everything of that kind should be avoided. The wounds which two severe and almost fraticidal wars had occasioned, have not been long enough healed to admit of anything but gentle treatment.

The result was, as has been stated, a deplorable failure. I say deplorable, not because we have need, in America, of such an Alliance for ourselves or for the benefit of our Churches. There is no country in Christendom where there is so little need of it. There the several Evangelical Churches dwell together in harmony, for which we cannot be too grateful. All placed on the same footing by the laws, all protected by the laws, there can be no invidious distinction between them. No State Establishment upholds some and overshadows and oppresses the others, for no Church has the prestige or influence of the powers that be to sustain it. We are equal in this respect, and know nothing of the oppressions, the jealousies, and the heartburnings which are found prevailing in other countries. *Deus nobis hæc tota fecit*; and to Him be the praise.

But we deplore this failure. We deplore it because we see days of evil, nor are they very far distant. It cannot be disguised that the Alliance, instead of bringing the Churches of America and Europe, and especially of Great Britain, into more friendly and fraternal relations, has ended in putting them further asunder. British Christians have been told that it would hasten the overthrow of the dreadful evil among us, if they should put us out of the pale of their Christian fellowship. They have been told what amounts to this; and they believed those who told them so, notwithstanding the remonstrances—and tears, even of brethren who are worthy of your confidence, from their character, their antecedents, and their position. You have preferred to believe another class of witnesses. As to the question, Who they are, and what they are, I say nothing. You have believed them, but you have been deceived. You might have known us by knowing yourselves—I speak to British Christians—and this knowledge would certainly have taught you that very much that has been done, and still more that has been said, is anything else than likely to accomplish that great object. Oh, no; the language of taunt, and of ridicule, and of indiscriminate abuse, may wound the hearts of Christian men among us who love their country, notwithstanding all its faults; but it is hurled back with unmeasured scorn by more than three thousand presses. "Let America wash out of her skirts the stain of Slavery, and then she will be fit to join British Christians." Such was the language of one in this country whom we loved. How was that received in America—I don't say by Christain men, but by others? Shall I tell you how it was received? Will you bear with me while I do so (yes, yes). "This sounds"—mark the words—"this sounds like the language of her who washes and bedecks her person, eats and drinks, and wipes her mouth, and says, 'Am I not clean?'" We know that Britain has many stains in her robe still to wash out, as it would be easy to show; but I would not fall into the mistake which I am condemning, and therefore it was that I hesitated to quote to you even a single specimen of that language which had been used in America in reply to that used here.

It must be remembered that in America, as in this country, the men of the world constitute the vast majority. We will abolish this great evil, that you may depend upon; but we must be allowed to take such time and measures as we think best. We believe that we understand this matter better than you do; I speak it with all deference. We shall get rid of Slavery, but not at or in consequence of your bidding, or to please you, but because it is our duty to do so. You can help us with your prayers, and by looking well to your experiment in the West Indies, and seeing that it works well: I know not what else you can do. You have placed the coat of Nessus on the young limbs of our nation, but you can give us little help in throwing it off. It was not Republicanism nor the Voluntary principle that imposed that greatest of evils upon us. Monarchy, monarchy did it. Monarchy introduced and imposed it, nursed it for 155 years; and if the Church did not do her duty—though she did much more than you are aware of—at the time when the evil was young and small, and comparatively feeble, it was when ten out of thirteen colonies were enjoying the blessings, as some call them, of an Established Church.

Do not, I beseech you, send us such missionaries as one who lately visited us, one who deceives himself, or rather tries to deceive his countrymen, by telling them that his speeches made in this country since his return will make a sensation in America from Maine to California. Yes, a sensation they may make, but it will be one of laughter and of contempt. If you have another Mr. Gurney to send, he will be heard everywhere with pleasure; he was heard everywhere, East and West, North and South, he was heard everywhere when he "reasoned of temperance, righteousness, and judgment to come," and when he addressed those admirable letters to Henry Clay. He was heard everywhere; for, while he was not wanting in faithfulness, he was a Christian and a gentleman.

My brethren, the course taken in this country for years past is working out its legitimate result, not that of hastening the overthrow of this great evil in America, but that of severing the bonds which hold two great nations together! What do we see already? A few Americans at this meeting, most of them as spectators of your proceedings, and not as members of the Alliance. "Why is this?" said a brother of this city now before me, well known and greatly beloved in America; "how is it that when so many American ministers are now in England, so few are here, or have even called upon us?" That is a serious inquiry, and I would prefer to leave it unanswered; but I cannot. The reason of it is to be found simply in this fact—they do not go to your meetings because, as one of them said to me, they are tired of hearing, wherever they go, insults offered to their country, remarks and taunts thrown out against it; the presence of an American gentleman being often sufficient to induce a clap-trap speaker in Exeter Hall to say something against America, to catch the applause of the audience. The gentleman to whom I have referred, said he did not want to hear such things any more, and therefore he should not go to any meetings. My friends, this is the exact state of the case. There are a great many American ministers in Europe, but very few are here—very few care about being acquainted with their brethren in Europe. I am sorry to say it. They feel that a slight is put upon them. If public meetings are held they are not invited to speak. If this were owing to their incompetency they would submit with becoming humility; but when they know that it arises from other motives, and that if they attend public meetings they will hear something against their country to which they cannot reply, they stay away. They go to the Grand Exhibition, and travel about your country, and visit the graves of their fathers, but they do not attend your meetings. It is impossible that this state of things should fail to do much mischief. We can do as well without you as you can do without us.

The CHAIRMAN: No! but neither can do without the other.

The Rev. Dr. BAIRD: That is true. You send us now the very sweepings of Europe. We want you to send us good men to help us, and this you have not hitherto done.

We are now twenty-four millions of people. In twenty-five years from this time, if our country holds together, we shall have fifty millions of people: in fifty years, one hundred millions; and who will they be? Within ten years you have sent us two and a quarter millions of people; within the last five years, a million and a half. There came to the city of New York, from the 1st of January to the 1st of July, about 150,000 people, or nearly a thousand a day; and, taking into account all other facts, it is probable that half a million of people will arrive in our country from Europe in the present year; and who are these people? What sends them to America? Poverty, many of them; political troubles, others.—And do you think that the three hundred thousand poor Irish going there within the year—most of them Roman Catholics—feel very friendly towards the United Kingdom? If you do, you are mistaken. There will come 150,000 Germans within this year, and among them many Infidels, Socialists, &c; and because we have endeavoured to vindicate our Protestant brethren in Europe, I, for example, have been recently held up by German papers in New York as a miserable drunkard; this, after all that I have done to promote the cause of temperance in Europe!

But, I ask again, can this state of things continue long without danger? In twenty years we shall have more Irishmen in the United States than their will be in Ireland; and, though we may not empty Germany, we shall have a great many Germans.—Now comes the difficulty. These men will have no very great attachment to Europe, and may no danger arise from that quarter, if any serious difficulty should arise between the two countries. It required all the wisdom of the British Government and the American Government, a few years since, to keep the peace between the two nations. The man who edits the paper in America which exerts the greatest influence upon the masses, and whose circulation is greater than that of the Times, is a Scotchman.—That man has no love for England. There is the great question of Central America—a question which though not understood here, is of vast importance. But for the wisdom of the British representative, and the self-possession of such a man as Daniel Webster, I know not what might have happened at the time when the Eastern boundary question was agitated. No one can tell what may at any moment arise to disturb the peace of the two countries. I tell you plainly, that if we do not watch the progress of things, we shall have serious difficulties to encounter.

I have lived many years in Europe, particularly at Paris and Geneva; and no Englishman, Scotchman, or Irishman, ever came to my house, and did not receive the hospitality I could give him. Many a Christian minister in this assembly has sent to me man after man—exiles who have come to America to find employment; and it has often cost me many hours a day to attend to them. I cannot, therefore, be charged with a want of friendship for you. I have told you my own heart, and there is not an American here who will not confirm all that I have said about the imminence of the danger that lies before us, and the awfulness of the chasm that appears ready to open. It may be, however, that I am only enacting the part of Cassandra; be it so—I cannot help it.

The CHAIRMAN said, he would like to hear from Dr. Baird whether his address was to be considered as a report from the Alliance, or a personal communication?

The Rev. Dr. BAIRD said he had no hesitation in saying, that the Alliance must receive his communication as a personal matter. He had felt it his duty to make it, but it was his own personal statement.

The Rev. Mr. ARTHUR wished to know whether, with the exception of the speech that they had just heard, they were not to expect any statement from the American Alliance.

The Rev. Dr. BAIRD replied, that he was charged by the committee to appear there, but as to the form of the report, the phraseology was not theirs, but his.

The Hon. and Rev. B. NOEL thought that, before the Alliance came to any decision on so important a matter, they must have before them the actual facts of the case. There was one expression, and only one, in the very manly and Christian address they had heard, to which he should personally take exception. His reverend brother had spoken of them as having put the American churches without the pale. His impression was that they had not subjected themselves to that charge. They might, perhaps, have been guilty of some ill-temper, but they had not gone so far as to put the American Churches out of the pale at all. He thought their brother would see reason to modify that statement.

The Rev. Dr. BAIRD said, his remark had reference not to what was done in the Alliance, but to what was done out of it, and generally.

The Hon. and Rev. B. NOEL: Then we are not responsible for it. As it would be a dereliction of duty for the Conference not to take some notice of this important question, he would suggest the appointment of a sub-committee, which might prepare the way for useful discussion.

In reply to a question from the Rev. J. A. JAMES, it was announced officially that the Rev. Drs. Robinson, Alexander, Bacon, and other American ministers, were present in the Conference.

The Rev. J. A. JAMES said he could but express his unfeigned admiration of the temper in which Dr. Baird's communication had been laid before them; more tenderness of spirit, and yet more manliness of mind and sentiment, he had scarcely ever witnessed. He must, on the part of the Alliance, disclaim any participation in the mission of a certain gentleman who had visited America; they had nothing to do either with that gentlemen or with his mission. He would suggest a friendly conference between some members delegated from that assembly and their American brethren, to talk over the subject in the spirit of brethren and Christians. Possibly there was required a little more forbearance than had hitherto been exercised. He had himself sometimes used strong expressions; and he had afterwards felt a little smiting of conscience, not on account of the sentiment, but for the manner in which his convictions had found utterance.

Selections.

THE SLAVE-HUNTING TRAGEDY IN LANCASTER COUNTY.

ANOTHER campaign of the slave-hunting war, begun last winter under the Fugitive Slave Law, is opened upon us, threatening quiet homes and peaceful communities with the midnight incursions of man-hunters, with their treacheries, stratagems, their ruffian outrages, and bloody violence; and menacing the defenceless people of colour with a "reign of terrour." Last Thursday morning (the 11th inst.), a peaceable neighbourhood in the borders of Lancaster County was made the scene of a bloody battle, resulting from an attempt to capture seven coloured men as fugitive slaves.

As the reports of the affray which came to us were contradictory, and having good reason to believe that those of the daily press were grossly one-sided and unfair, we repaired to the scene of the tragedy, and, by patient inquiry and careful examination, endeavoured to learn the real facts. To do this, from the varying and conflicting statements which we encountered, scarcely two of which agreed in every point, was not easy; but we believe the account we give below, as the result of these inquiries, is substantially correct.

Very early, on the morning of the 11th inst., a party of slave-hunters went into a neighbourhood about two miles west of Christiana, near the eastern border of Lancaster County, in pursuit of fugitive slaves. The party consisted of Edward Gorsuch, his son Dickerson Gorsuch, his nephew Dr. Pearce, Nicholas Hutchins and two others, all from Baltimore Co., Md., and one Henry H. Kline, a notorious slave-catching constable from Philadelphia, who had been deputised by Commissioner Ingraham for this business. At about day-dawn they were discovered, lying in ambush near the house of one Wm. Parker, a coloured man, by an inmate of the house who had started for his work. He fled back to the house, pursued by the slave-hunters, who entered the lower part of the house, but were unable to force their way into the upper part, to which the family had retired. A horn was blown from an upper window; two shots were fired, both, as we believe, though we are not certain, by the assailants, one at the coloured man who fled into the house, and the other at the inmates through the window. No one was wounded by either. A parley ensued. The slaveholder demanded his slaves, which he said were concealed in the house. Three coloured men presented themselves successively at the window, and asked if they were the slaves claimed; Gorsuch said that neither of them was his slave. They told him they were the only coloured men in the house, and warned him and his party to leave, as they were determined never to be taken alive as slaves. Soon the coloured people from the neighbourhood, alarmed by the horn, began to gather, armed with guns, axes, corn-cutters or clubs. Mutual threatenings were uttered by the two parties. The slave-hunters told the blacks that resistance would be useless, as they had a party of thirty men in the woods near by. The blacks warned them again to leave, as they would die before they would go into Slavery.

From an hour to an hour and a half passed in these parleyings, angry conversations and threats, the blacks increasing by new arrivals, until they probably numbered from thirty to fifty; most of them armed in some way. About this time, Castner Hanaway, a white man, and a Friend, who resided in the neighbourhood, rode up, and was soon followed by Elijah Lewis, another Friend, a merchant in Cooperville—both gentlemen highly esteemed as worthy and peaceable citizens. As they came up, Kline, the deputy marshal, ordered them to aid him, as a United States Officer, to capture the fugitive slaves. They refused, of course—as would any man not utterly destitute of honour, humanity and moral principle—and warned the assailants that it was madness for them to attempt to capture fugitive slaves there, or even to remain, and begged them, if they wished to save their own lives, to leave the ground.

Kline replied, "Do you really think so?" "Yes," was the answer, "the sooner you leave, the better, if you would prevent bloodshed." Kline then left the ground, retiring to a very safe distance into a corn-field, and towards the woods. The blacks were so exasperated by his threats, that, but for the interposition of the two white Friends, it is very doubtful whether he would have escaped without injury.

Messrs. Hanaway and Lewis both exerted their influence to dissuade the coloured people from violence, and would probably have succeeded in restraining them, had not the assailing party fired upon them. Young Gorsuch asked his father to leave, but the old man refused, declaring, as it is said and believed, that he would "go to hell, or have his slaves."

Finding they could do nothing further, Hanaway and Lewis both started to leave, again counselling the slave-hunters to go away and the coloured people to peace; but had gone but a few rods, when one of the inmates of the house attempted to come out at the door. Gorsuch presented his revolver, ordering him back. The coloured man replied, "You had better go away if you don't want to get hurt;" and at the same time pushed him aside and passed out. Maddened at this, and stimulated by the question of his nephew, whether he would "take such an insult from a d—d nigger," Gorsuch fired at the coloured man, and was followed by his son and nephew, who both fired their revolvers. The fire was returned by the blacks, who made a rush upon them at the same time. Gorsuch and his son fell, the one dead, the other wounded. The rest of the party, after firing their revolvers, fled precipitately through the corn and to the woods, pursued by some of the blacks. One was wounded, the rest escaped unhurt. Kline, the Deputy Marshal, who now boasts of his miraculous escape from a volley of musket-balls, had kept at a safe distance, though urged by young Gorsuch to stand by his father and protect him, when he refused to leave the ground. He of course came off unscathed. Several coloured men were wounded, but none very severely. Some had their hats or their clothes perforated with bullets; others were slightly grazed; and others had flesh wounds. They said that the Lord protected them, and they shook the bullets from their clothes. One man found several shot in his boot, which seemed to have spent their force before reaching him, and did not even break the skin.

The slave-hunters having all fled, several neighbours, mostly Friends and Anti-Slavery men, gathered to succour the wounded and take charge of the dead.

We are told that Parker himself protected the wounded man from his excited comrades, and brought water and a bed from his own house for the invalid, thus showing he was as magnanimous to his fallen enemy as he was brave in the defence of his own liberty.

The young man was then removed to a neighbouring house, where the family received him with the tenderest kindness and paid him every attention, though they told him in Quaker phrase, that "they had no unity with his cruel business" and were very sorry to see him engaged in it. He was much affected by their kindness, and we are told, expressed his regret that he had thus been engaged, and his determination, if his life was spared, never again to make a similar attempt. His wounds are very severe, and it is feared mortal.

All attempts to procure assistance to capture the fugitive slaves failed, the people in the neighbourhood either not relishing the business of slave-catching, or, at least, not choosing to risk their lives in it. There was a very great reluctance felt to going even to remove the body of the wounded man, until several Abolitionists and Friends had collected for that object, when others found courage to follow on.

The excitement caused by this most melancholy affair is very great among all classes. The Abolitionists of course mourn the occurrence, while they see in it a legitimate fruit of the Fugitive Slave Law—just such a harvest of blood as they had feared the law would produce, and which they had earnestly laboured to prevent. We believe that they alone of all classes of the nation are free from responsibility for its occurrence — having wisely foreseen the danger, and faithfully laboured to avert it by removing its causes, and preventing the inhuman policy which has hurried on the bloody convulsion.

The enemies of the coloured people are making this the occasion of fresh injuries, and a more bitter ferocity toward that defenceless people, and of new misrepresentations and calumnies against the Abolitionists. The coloured people, though the great body of them had no connection with this affair, are hunted like partridges upon the mountains by the relentless horde which has been poured forth upon them under the pretence of arresting the parties concerned in the fight.

When we reached Christiana on Friday afternoon, we found that the Deputy Attorney Thompson, of Lancaster, was there, and had issued warrants upon the depositions of Kline and others, for the arrest of all suspected persons. A company of police were scouring the neighbourhood in search of coloured people, several of whom were seized while at their work near by, and brought in.

Castner Hanaway and Elijah Lewis, hearing that warrants were issued against them, came to Christiana and voluntarily gave themselves up, calm and strong in the confidence of their innocence. They, together with the arrested coloured men, were sent to Lancaster jail that night.

The next morning we visited the ground of the battle, and the family where young Gorsuch now lies, and while there we saw a deposition which he had just made, that he believed no white persons was engaged in the affray, beside his own party. As he was on the ground during the whole of the controversy, and Deputy Marshal Kline had discreetly run off into the corn-field before the fighting began, the hireling slave-catcher's eager testimony against our white friends will, we think, weigh lightly with impartial men.

On returning to Christiana, we found that the U. S. Marshal from the city had arrived at that place, accompanied by Commissioner Ingraham, Mr. Jones, a special Commissioner of the United States from Washington, the U. S. District Attorney Ashmead, with forty-five U. S. Marines from the Navy Yard, and a posse of about forty of the City Marshal's police, together with a large body of special constables—men eager for such a man-hunt—from Columbia and Lancaster, and other places. This crowd divided into parties, of from ten to twenty-five, and scoured the country, in every direction, for miles around, ransacking the houses of the coloured people, and captured every coloured man they could find, with several coloured women, and two other white men.

Never did our heart bleed with deeper pity for the peeled and persecuted coloured people, than when we saw this troop let loose upon them, and witnessed the terror and distress which their approach excited in families wholly innocent of the charges laid against them.

THE PLOT AND THE INFORMER.

The following is a literal copy of a letter found by the Coroner's Jury upon the body of Mr. Gorsuch, at the time of their inquest, and thus brought to light. It shows that the fatal slave-hunt had been deliberately and cooly plotted, and was to be executed by stratagem and violence; and also reveals the miserable creature who sold himself as *informer* in the case. The writer is a young man who was bred in the neighbourhood, but had resided a part of the time for some years past, in Baltimore, and, from his habits of labour, has had peculiar opportunities to ascertain the residence, and worm himself into the confidence of the coloured people.

The letter is directed to "Mr. Edward Gorsuch, Hereford PO., Balt Co M D," and post marked at "Penningtonville, Pa., Aug. 29th."

Lancaster Co. 28 August 1851

Respected friend, I have the required
Information of four men that is within two
Miles of each other. Now the best way is
For you to come as A hunter disguised about
Two days ahead of your son and let him come by way
of philadelphia and get the deputy marshal John Nagle
I think is his name. tell him the situation
And he can get force of the right kind it will take
About twelve so that they can divide and take them
All within half an hour. now if you can come
on the 2d or 3d of september come on & I will
Meet you at the gap when you get their
Inquire for Benjamin Clay's tavern let your
Son and the marshal get out Kinyer's* hotel
Now if you cannot come at the time spoken of
Write very soon and let me know when you can
I wish you to come as soon as you possibly can
Very respectfully thy friend
WILLIAM M. P.

[In pencil] *Wm. M. Padgett.*

On the next page several memoranda are written in pencil, probably by the slaveholder himself, of the times of the cars, and the names of persons in the neighbourhood of the scene of the affray, with whom it was supposed coloured men resided, together with the following:

Robert M. Lee
John Agen Henry H. Cline
Depatised
Marshal Kline
Lawyer Lee
and Benit
Commissioner.
Ingraham
O. Riley's Telegraph
avoid Halzel
Councelman
Cpt Shutt
J R Henson

[*Pa. Freeman.*

*Kinzey's.

SLAVERY IN THE CHURCH—A PRESBYTERIAN ELDER AND HIS SLAVE—REPROOF OF A SLAVE MOTHER.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 12, 1851.

ED. PLAIN DEALER.—A case of considerable interest came under my observation a few days since, which has caused some excitement and considerable talk in this District. A Presbyterian Elder in *good and regular standing*, "a reputed watchman upon the walls of Zion," among his goods and chattels is owned a young female, who is a member of the Congregational Baptist Church, which was under the pastoral charge of Rev. Mr. Sampson—the church at which Secretary Corwin and family worship. The female displeased her *religious* master in some way, and he—*christian* man—forthwith gave her into the hands of the slave traders, who took her over to Alexandria and incarcerated her with others in a slave pen, where she is to remain till a full "drove" is made up for the southern market. When spoken to upon the subject, the grey-haired Elder excused *himself* by charging *her* with crime. The girl protested her innocence and desired, even begged, for a trial. This poor helpless slave has a mother, who is also a slave, subject to all the rigours of the *lower law*. When apprised of the situation of her daughter, she flew to the pen and with tears besought an interview with her only child, but she was cruelly repulsed and told to begone!* She then tried to see the Elder, but failed. Although a slave, she is a woman, of no ordinary powers of mind. Failing to see the master of her child, she addressed to him the following letter, a copy of which was preserved by a friend of mine, of whom I obtained it. It is no fiction, but true to the letter, and was placed in the hands of this *leader* of a *leading* church in Washington City. Ye advocates of the *lower law!* ye Doctors of Divinity! who preach obedience to that law, behold the workings of your beloved creed, and bid your christian brother God speed in the glorious work of *selling souls!*

Ellen Brown, the mother, has the promise of money sufficient to purchase her daughter, but her cruel owners will listen to no terms of compromise. The good Elder says that he wants her out of his sight, as far south as she can be got. The day may come when the poor manacled victim, after a life of unrequited toil, of hardships which no tongue can tell, will present her manacles and stripes to the astonished gaze of this Presbyterian Elder, in the presence of her Father and his Judge:

LETTER FROM THE MOTHER OF THE SLAVE TO THE PIOUS OWNER.

Washington, D. C., July 25, 1851.

MR. ——, Sir.—I address you as a rich Christian freeman and father, while I am, myself, but a poor slave mother! I come to plead with you for an only child whom I love, who is a professor of the Christian religion with yourself, and a member of a christian church; and who, by your act of ownership, now pines in her imprisonment in a loathsome man-warehouse, where she is held for sale! I come to plead with you for the exercise of that blessed law. "*Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you do ye even so to them.*"

With great labour, I have found friends who intimate a willingness to aid me in the purchase of my child, to save us from a cruel separation. You as a *father!* can judge of my feelings, when I was told that you had decreed her banishment to *distant*, as well as *hopeless*, bondage!

For nearly six years my child has done for you the hard labour of a slave. From the age of sixteen to twenty-two, she has done the hard work of your chambers, kitchen, cellar, and stable. By night and by day, your will and your commands have been her highest law, and all this has been unrequited toil. If in all this time, her scanty allowance of tea and coffee has been sweetened, it has been at the cost of her slave mother, but not at yours.

You are an office bearer in the church, and a man of *prayer!* As such, and as the absolute owner of my child, I ask candidly whether she has enjoyed such kind and gentle treatment, and amiable example, as she ought to have had, to encourage her in her momentous bondage? Has she received at your hands, in faithful religious instruction, in the word of God, a full and fair compensation for all her toil? It is not to me, alone, that you must answer these questions. You acknowledge the high authority of His laws, who preached deliverance to the captive, and who commands you to give to your servant "that which is just and equal." Oh, I entreat you, withhold not at this trying hour, from my child that which will cut off her last hope, and which may endanger your own soul.

It has been said that you charge my daughter with crime. Can this be really so? Can it be that you would set aside the obligations of honour and good citizenship—that you would dare to commit crime to cruelty—compound a felony, and sell the guilty one away for money, rather than bring her to trial, which you *know* she is ready to meet? What would you say if you were charged with guilt, and refused a trial? Is not her fair name as precious to her in the church to which she belongs as yours can be to you?

Suppose, now, for a moment, that *your* daughter, whom you love, instead of mine, was in these hot days, incarcerated in a *negro pen*, subject to my control, eaten by vermin, fed on the coarsest food, committed to the entire will of a brute, denied the privilege commonly allowed even to the murderer, that of seeing the face of his friends—O! then, you would FEEL! Feel, now, then, for a poor slave mother and her child, and do for us as you shall wish you had done, when we shall meet before the Great Judge; and when it shall be your greatest joy to say, "I *did* let the oppressed go free." ELLEN BROWN.

I have been informed, by the leading members of the Baptist Church, that this slave girl is a devoted member of the church, in good standing, and no one could say aught against her character. I have not yet had the evidence that the members of this Baptist church feel that when "one member suffers all the rest suffer with him." I suppose they regard that passage of Scripture as applying particularly to blood relations or colour.

Yours, truly,
BRUTUS.

N. B. If this Elder persists in his purpose, and permits this girl to be taken in the *gang*, to Georgia or South, I will give his name to the public in glaring *capitals!* and such comments thereon, as the heinousness of the offence deserves. B.

A HOME FOR THE COLOURED MAN.

AMONG the arrivals in this city by the steamer Prometheus, a few days since from Jamaica, was the Hon. Wm. Wemyss Anderson, a prominent member of the bar of that island, and one of its most respected citizens.

Mr. Anderson visits the United States under a commission from the Legislative Assembly of Jamaica, to investigate a subject in which at this peculiar crisis the American people are specially interested, and which is indicated by him in the following extract from a private note addressed to one of the editors of this paper:—

"I am instructed by the Legislature of Jamaica to inquire and report to what extent, and in what way, the free coloured inhabitants of America might be induced to emigrate to our island and to colonise there as labourers, tradesman, or agricultural settlers. The recommendation of Jamaica to them is, that *there*, they will be received on a footing of perfect social and political equality with the whites; while *here*, I suspect, they never will be. The British West Indies, therefore, is surely their proper home. It affords ample field for their enterprise, especially for agriculturists. Their children may, if properly qualified by education, rise to the highest positions in society. It will be in their hands to make a country for themselves. Should men of capital desire to embark money either in agricultural, or commercial, or manufacturing enterprise, I would ask them to look at the soil, and its varied and rich productions, fostered by a climate equal to Italy; on our numberless idle mills and water powers for every description of manufacture, and on our position on the great highway now opening for the commerce of the world across the Isthmus of Panama. Let there be a large emigration of the free coloured inhabitants of all classes, and let them be accompanied also, if possible, by capitalists, with a determination to make that country great, and wealthy and happy, and to draw close the bonds of friendship and commercial interest with this noble country. Sure this is better than the war of prejudice (for it must be admitted that neither reason nor religion justify it), that is ever going on. The white man will readily and cordially respect the coloured man, when he finds him in a new position. Perhaps the establishment of a large coloured community like Jamaica, in the vicinity of the Sates, would accelerate more than anything else, the downfall of the reign of prejudice. It is only six days' sail that is required to reach Jamaica's perpetual summer climate. Have you no capitalists that would venture a mammoth steamer on such a line?"

.. ..

We look upon this mission of Mr. Anderson as an event of no ordinary importance, and we indulge the hope that it will result in some substantial advantage to that unfortunate class whom destiny seems to have consigned, so long as they remain in this country, to a ceaseless struggle against unequal laws and inveterate social prejudices. In this country the coloured man can aspire to no position, nor even to the comforts of a livelihood, except in the face of difficulties which would make the most disciplined white man falter. Every profession, business, trade, craft and calling, except such as are too menial to invite the competition of white men, are closed to him; necessity not unfrequently drives him to yield only a partial obedience to the laws, which give him only a partial protection; swift punishment overtakes his delinquencies, destroys his pride, and makes him consent to degraded companionships, which gradually weaken or destroy every virtuous and exalted aspiration. We even doubt the possibility of perpetuating the black race in a state of political freedom, upon a soil which is tilled by the white man, more especially under a government which tolerates Negro Slavery. It is a sad but indisputable truth, that in this country the coloured man has no future to which he can look forward, with hope or pleasure. He must seek some new region where his own race predominates and regulates the public sentiment which creates and rewards ambition, or he must be content to stay with us, and see his people become more and more degraded and finally, with them, pass away, without leaving behind a single monument on our soil to record the purpose or the benefit of their existence. The tropics, for many reasons, seem to be the natural home and the obvious asylum of the negro. They are mostly peopled by his race, the climate is most indulgent to his constitution, the perennial and abundant productions of their soils, protect him from the distress and privation, which in colder climates are the natural consequences of his ignorance and his improvidence.

In the tropics, therefore, if any where, can the negro hope to take those primary lessons in civilization, which his race have never yet mastered, and which it has to acquire before it can hope to sustain itself in competition with the white man. There is no country that we are acquainted with, which at present combines so many advantages for such a purpose as Jamaica. Out of her population of 400,000 but about 16,000 are whites, whose numbers are annually diminishing. Of the remaining 384,000 people of colour, full 100,000 are holders of land.

Four-fifths of the offices and places of trust are held there by coloured men. They hold seats in the Colonial legislature and they assist in administering the laws which that legislature enacts. There is no employment or pursuit which they may not embrace; no honour to which they may not aspire, without violating the laws or the usages of the society in which

cient to supply water power to any extent, have been running there since the morning stars first sang together, without earning for man the price of the surface they occupied. There is not a single saw mill, or flour mill, nor indeed any kind of mill or manufactory we believe, on the island, except such as are employed in making sugar and rum. There is no farming in Jamaica, nor is there any considerable number of people on the island who know how to cultivate anything from the soil but sugar, coffee, and pimento; and yet land, as we have said, is very cheap, and nearly every article of household marketing brings a higher price than in New York. This is certainly the case with meats, butter, cheese, milk, eggs and flour, the staples of table consumption among the more thrifty classes. Three acres of planting ground will support a family of three persons, if properly taken care of, and as there is no cold and unproductive winter against which it is necessary to provide, little or no capital is necessary beyond the price of the ground, subsistence for a few weeks while a shelter is constructed, and a mule to carry the surplus product to the nearest market. Every month has its peculiar harvest, there is no unproductive season in Jamaica, except in those parts which are occasionally visited by droughts and these may be readily provided against by judicious irrigation.

These are some of the inducements which Jamaica holds out to the coloured man; we may add that the voyage thither may be made with ease in six days from New York in a steamer, and ten days in a packet.

Mr. Anderson's commission, we believe, is limited to an inquiry into the extent to which the emigration of coloured labourers to Jamaica might be counted upon, if properly encouraged, and the facilities which it would be necessary for the authorities of the island to extend to the emigrant. The results of his observations it will be his duty to report to the Legislative Assembly at its next meeting, in December. We believe it is his intention to lay the subject before the American people at his earliest convenience, and meantime he will gladly avail himself of any suggestions from those who may feel an interest in the object of his mission, by which he may profit, and in turn will be happy to give any information which may be desired respecting the labouring classes in Jamaica, and the views of his government in relation to the encouragement of emigration from this country.

Mr. Anderson is now on his way to visit Canada, to be absent for a few weeks. Meantime, we shall be happy to take charge of any communication which may be left for him at our office, and will see that it is forwarded to him by the earliest opportunity.

It is unnecessary for us to say, that a person bearing a commission to this country from the Legislative Assembly of Jamaica is fully entitled to every degree of confidence from the American people; it may be satisfactory to many, however, to know farther of Mr. Anderson, that he is one of the most prominent members of the bar of Jamaica, has frequently occupied a seat in her Legislative Assembly, and is one of her most respected and distinguished citizens.—*Evening Post.*

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

*** *All communications for the paper, and letters relating to its pecuniary concerns should be addressed to* SYDNEY HOWARD GAY, *New-York.*

†† *Donations to the Treasury of the* AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY *may be forwarded to* FRANCIS JACKSON, *Treasurer, at Boston; or to* SYDNEY HOWARD GAY, *New-York.*

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 25, 1851.

THE CHRISTIANA TRADEGY.

THE homicide at the Slave-Hunt in Pennsylvania is still a fruitful topic for comment with the press at large and especially with that portion of it which, for their sins, is permitted to inflict itself upon the people of that State. A stranger who should have come among us the last week, ignorant of our laws and institutions, and should have turned to the newspapers for his first introduction, would have inevitably concluded, — first, that the law, in the United States, was never before set at defiance, and a man never before killed, in this country, under any provocation; secondly, that the salvation of the republic depended solely on the successful pursuit of runaway slaves; and, thirdly, that there was every reason to apprehend that the blacks were arming themselves for a civil war. What Gorsuch should have been shot down like a dog seems to us the most natural thing in the world, and the only wonder is that such a catastrophe has not occurred in every case where a fugitive has been arrested. The example, however, set at Christiana we have no doubt will be followed, and perhaps improved upon hereafter, for coloured flesh and blood, after all, is very like that of a lighter shade, and shrinks from stripes and chains, and will be prompt to try a measure which even in its worse result is better than Slavery. Perhaps we are giving these editors, who lift up their hands in horror at the occurrence at Christiana, credit for more manliness than belongs to them, but we hope that there is not one of them who would not have defended his liberty with his life. They should not indulge themselves in an expectation that negroes are any better, in this respect, however much they may be in others, than themselves, and that they will consent to submit to Slavery even though the salvation of the Union is dependent on such submission. Our editors may grow frantic and howl themselves hoarse over the murder of Gorsuch and the desperate villainy of the coloured people, but we nevertheless expect to hear yet of the shooting of more than one slave-hunter.

The examination of the persons arrested at Christiana ended in the committal of two of them to take their trial for treason against the United States. That the Government expects to show that the riot at Christiana was a premeditated attempt to dissolve the Union, overthrow the Government, take possession of all the military posts and stores, and all public buildings at Washington, and establish a new government with new powers, and in new hands, we can hardly suppose, but we are at a loss to conceive how less should be attempted on a charge of treason. However, we shall learn in time, and in the meanwhile it is well to understand clearly all the steps which are leading us to such important results. Below will be found the continuation of the evidence in the case which led to the committal of the prisoners:

PETER WOODS, (a lad) sworn—I live at Cooperville, near four miles from here; know Jake Woods and Peter Woods; have seen Henry Curtis down here at Kane's; know John Williams; don't know my age; Jake Woods is my brother; know a coloured boy named Miller Thompson; don't know where Jake Woods is; I did not see him on Thursday, the day the murder was committed; he was working at a house of Cooper's near the scene of the murder, which is about three fields off; Jacob Moore, John Thomas and Wm. Dorsey, were on the fence when I was arrested; I saw none of these at the place the morning of the murder; before they ran, they said, "here they are," when the officers came up; have not seen Curtis since Quarterly Meeting, and don't know where Williams is.

HENRY H. KLINE, recalled—It is my belief Henry Green is one of the men who was present; he answers the description, except that he has plaited his hair since; he had a hat on; he was in the first gang; I arrested Wm. Williams, and am positive as to him; can't say now that he had arms; he was there in the first party that came; they stood ready with their guns.

John Halliday was there; can't say as to his being armed; he was there in the first party that resisted me; saw him on the ground, and also with those coming back after the fight.

WILLIAM H. MILLHOUSE, sworn—I live in the Valley here, and am in the employ of Philip F. Boone; he sent me to Isaac Walker's on Thursday morning last to repair a threshing machine: when I reached there I did not find my help: on the way I met a man whom I believe to be the brother of the man who owned the machine; talked with him, and he asked me why we did not take old Isaac Warner on last Saturday: told him I did not know the reason; he said he thought he should be taken, because he saw Squire Chamberlain and him standing in the road talking, and after they parted he saw this; saw Warner going to Joseph Moore's: he believed that the negroes had got information through this Squire; about that time these blacks left.

HENRY H. KLINE, recalled—I believe Mr. Brown (the second) was there in the first party, armed, and near the Indian negro.

THOMAS T. G. PEARCE, sworn—It is my impression that Wm. Brown (the second) was there; he resembles the man who shot Gorsuch.

HENRY H. KLINE, recalled—George Read was there; this fellow and two others came over the field after the first fire; he had the same hat upon his head that he now wears; Benjamin Johnson was at the ground during the fight, and was one of the ringleaders; he was in the first party; when they went into the house he was just behind them; he was heated, as if he had run a great distance; he had a gun.

HENRY YOUNG, sworn—Wednesday, before the fight; I was talking with Dr. Kane; John Clark and Josephus came together down the turnpike near here about three-fourths of a mile from Christiana; Josephus and Clark came up and entered into conversation with Dr. Kane and me; he (Josephus) presented a paper; he had a gun in one hand and a paper in the other; he said, "Doctor, can you read the paper to us?" the Doctor tried to read it, and could not make out all the names, only one, Buley and you; Clark said, "I know who that is;" the paper was read, and was a notice from Samuel Williams, of 7th and Lombard-sts., Philadelphia; he gave the notice that the kidnappers and the Marshal were coming up, and that they must be prepared to meet the Marshal, and also to notify the people; then I went to my work.

JOHN JACKSON, sworn—I was down in the field when Moore came to us and told me to clear out of the field, and he would go out first, and clear himself (Moore); that the men were coming after us; Henry Morgan, a black, was with me; I understood it to be the officers who were coming to arrest; he told me that when he blew the horn I must stay away.

Joseph Moore was here confronted with Jackson, and asked if he (Moore) had told him (Jackson) to clear himself?

Jackson replied, that Moore said when the horn blew he must clear out.

SAMUEL F. MITCHELL, an officer, sworn—I went to Moore's house to arrest Jackson on Saturday last; saw Moore go in and set down at the table; he said there were two; one came in and sent him out to the other, Jackson, to tell him to come in to his dinner; he said he had blown the horn for them to come in; then, when I got Jackson, we searched the barn; we found Jackson in his own house, about half a mile off; in coming in, he made the statement.

Moore declined cross-examining Mitchell, and said, "I said I would go to the house, and know nothing about it."

WM. JOHNSON, sworn—I heard Charles Smith and Samuel Whitson say, he, Charles Smith, knew of it the morning before it happened; that he knew it was going to happen; they had notice the day before at Penningtonville; he said so where the old gentleman was lying killed; Whitson, who is his father, asked him if he would not go over to Levi Pownall's and see the wounded man who was shot.

MARIA RUSSELL (white) sworn—John Jackson came home with a club; he lives on Buck Hill, next to me; it was one Thursday morning, the day of the murder, between 8 and 9 o'clock; he said that Morgan had shot him first, and that he (Jackson) had struck him on the head with a club; she said that was the club, and showed it; I gave the club to the officer (Vanderslice).

JOSEPHUS WASHINGTON sworn—Know Dr. Kane; knew John Clark, who lives in the house with me; don't know Williams; he did not send me a notice that Dr. Kane read to me on the Turnpike; was on the Turnpike with Clark; George Williams had a little piece of paper in his hand, and while sitting on the fence he gave it to me; I told him I could not read; I took the paper, put it in my pocket, and after gave it to Dr. Kane to read; after he had read it, he made mention there was no name signed to it or nothing, but three men's names; one John, and Nelson another; I did not know the other; I had a gun in the forenoon; don't believe I had any then; gave the paper to Mrs. Phillips next day morning, and asked her to read it; she made nothing more out of it than that; George Williams said he got it from a fine portly-looking yellow man, who came from Philadelphia; I hove away the notice after Mrs. Phillips read it.

AUGUSTUS KANE, affirmed—I know Josephus and Clark, and this man Young was passing at the time, which was rather late on Wednesday afternoon last; I remember that Josephus gave me a paper to read; it was a small piece, which he said was sent up from the city; no address was on it; can recollect two positively; Josh and a —— opposite; and then, Ford, and a ——, Harford County, Maryland; the third name I don't recollect; that was all that was on the paper; I said "I can't make anything out;" there was no further conversation among the people; they separated soon after; Josephus had no gun that I saw.

CHARLES SMITH, affirmed—A coloured man came to my place the morning Kline came up, and told that they were upon a hunt of slaves; he said they wanted us to give them information, and let the slaves know they were coming; one of the slaves was named Nelson; do not know if I should know the coloured man; he was a large yellow man, not a negro; he said he was coming to Boyd's; he, Boyd, lives adjoining to me; did not direct him to Boyd; remained at my house not more than 15 minutes; did not tell me how he knew; knew the men in the cars, and they knew him; do not know he got the names; he told me Kline was one of the men coming up; did not describe him; he said he left a paper at Christiana, as I understood him; the written paper I understood contained the names of the persons sought for; was at Penningtonville when Kline came in, and heard him speak about two men that were hurt in the woods; this was after the difficulty; Kline said he would give $5 for any person to go out and bring them in; there was a good deal of conversation about it, and I waited till the morning line came up; he said the men were not dead when he left, and that it was a pity they should be left in the woods with no one to take care of them; I told him that for me I was willing to go and bring them to Penningtonville; brought up my carriage, and three men went with me to fetch them in; the corpse of Mr. Gorsuch was lying in the orchard when we got there; there was a crowd of people there; do not know these black people.

HENRY H. KLINE, recalled—Thomas Butler (coloured) was there after the first fire; he and two others came across the fields, and had clubs in their hands; they went up to Parker's house, and up the lane; I am certain of Butler, as also the man with the glazed cap that was here this morning.

At 10 o'clock last night the examination was concluded, which resulted in the committal of John Jackson and Thomas Butler (coloured) to answer the charge of treason, &c., against the United States.

Josephus Washington, John Clark (coloured), and Maria Russell (white) were committed to the Debtor's Apartment of the Moyamensing Prison, as witnesses.

The above prisoners were brought to the city about 4 o'clock this morning, by Lieuts. Johnson and Watkins, and officers Briest and Brown.

ADDRESS OF CONGREGATIONAL FRIENDS TO CONGRESS.

WE have received a copy of the minutes of the Yearly Meeting of Congregational Friends held at Waterloo in June last. Among the various documents therein published we find the following excellent Address to Congress, which was adopted by the meeting:

To the Congress of the United States.

We, the members of the Society of Congregational Friends, now assembled in Yearly Meeting at Waterloo, sincerely desiring to honour our God and Creator, and to promote righteousness, peace, freedom, and happiness among the children of men, feel moved in all seriousness to address you.

We have considered that you are, individually and collectively, invested with immense and fearful powers, and placed under heavy responsibilities. We have considered that the authority and power to legislate for more than twenty millions of the human family, have been committed to you by your fellow citizens. We have further considered that yours is a trying position, beset with multitudinous difficulties and manifold temptations. With a full knowledge that you are in a position which enables you to do much to elevate or degrade—to strengthen or to weaken—this vast people, we would in all faithfulness remind you, that there is but ONE path of safety and happiness, either for nations or for individuals. We would remind you that, whether you, as legislators, shall prove a good or an evil, a blessing or a curse, to the people of this land, wholly depends upon your adherence to, or your divergence from the universal, unchangeable, and eternal principles of moral rectitude. Cleave to these, and "thy Light shall break forth as the morning." Depart from them, and you shall be surrounded with clouds, darkness and dangers.

In the name of Him who can confound the wisdom of the crafty, and bring the counsels of the ungodly to nought, let us warn you to see that all your aims and ends are in unity with, *truth, justice, freedom* and *humanity*. We beseech you to remember, that there is no power which can sustain you when you act in conflict with these great PRINCIPLES OF GOD'S MORAL UNIVERSE; that unless the spirit of these shall animate your Legislation, your enactments will be without the binding quality of law, and will be rendered null and void—fit only to be trampled in the dust.

But the subject to which we would invite your especial attention, is SLAVERY.

There are more than three millions in our land who are dragging out a miserable existence in the loathsome and horrid condition of Slavery. Their sorrows and sufferings come to us on every gale.

We will not insult your understandings by offering an argument in favour of the right of the most debased and mutilated one of all this frightful number to be free. You know that right. It existed in the very idea of man's creation. It was man's before he comprehended it. He was created in it—endowed with it, and it can never be rightfully taken from him.

Do you say that the laws of the land have otherwise ordered? We answer, that since no laws, no statutes, no compacts, no constitutions, no human legislation can change the essential nature of things, none such can change man into a brute, and abrogate his fundamental, original right to himself. This right is self-evident.

Do you inquire what you shall do? Our answer, exercise the legislative power with which you are entrusted, to remove this great system of wickedness from this land. Abolish it where you have the indisputable power to abolish it. Abolish it in the District of Columbia. Abolish the accursed Slave Trade between the States. Repeal that most odious, barbarous, and wicked of all modern human laws, the Fugitive Slave Law, and give the influence and dignity of your high position as legislators, fully and completely on the side of immediate, unconditional and universal emancipation; that liberty, through you, may be "proclaimed throughout all the land, to all the inhabitants thereof." This do without delay.

Let no fancied political consideration stand between you and the discharge of this solemn duty; but quit yourselves like men and be strong. Remember that all the ATTRIBUTES OF THE ALMIGHTY are with the right; and though all the devices of human reason combine, those attributes must triumph.

You must see the folly of legislating for PEACE, while your legislation is at war with HUMANITY and JUSTICE. Though a cannon should be placed at every door in the north, and every man who should utter a humane sentiment should be blown to atoms, this guilty nation could not have peace. While God is just, while man is man, and spirit is spirit, there can be no peace to the wicked.

May He whose wisdom and goodness passeth human understanding, dispose your hearts to decree Righteous decrees, to deliver the spoiled out of the hands of the spoiler, and to give freedom to the down-trodden millions in bonds, is the earnest wish and prayer of the members of this meeting.

Signed by direction of the Yearly Meeting of Congregational Friends, held at Waterloo, Seneca County, New York, on the 1st, 2d, and 3d of the six month, 1851.

THOMAS M'CLINTOCK, } *Clerks.*
RHODA DE GARMO, }

BELOW will be found a letter from Governor Johnston of Pennsylvania, in reply to certain patriotic individuals of Philadelphia, who were fearful that the Government was about to be overthrown and utterly annihilated in the civil war which broke out last week at Christiana:

PHILADELPHIA, Sept. 14, 1851.

To Messrs. John Cadwalader, A. L. Roumfort, James Page, C. Ingersoll, Isaac Leech, Jr., R. Simpson, W. Deal, George H. Martin, Samuel Hays, S. R. Carnahan, Thomas McGrath, John Swift, Frederick McAdams:

Gentlemen—Your letter, without date, was this afternoon put into my hands by one of the servants of the hotel. The anxiety which you manifest to maintain the laws of the land and the public peace, is fully appreciated, and I have great pleasure in informing you that, more than twenty-four hours before the receipt of your letter, the parties implicated had been, through the vigilance and decision of the local authorities, arrested, and are now in prison, awaiting an inquiry into their imputed guilt. The District Attorney and Sheriff of Lancaster county, acting in concert with the Attorney General of the State, deserve especial thanks for their prompt and energetic conduct. This was all done early on Saturday morning, and duly reported to me by the local officers.

The testimony taken by the U. S. Commissioner, who arrived at a later period on the ground, a printed copy of which has accidently reached me this afternoon, confirms me in the belief that the State authorities had vindicated the law, and to a large extent arrested the perpetrators of the crime.

The cruel murder of a citizen of a neighbouring State, accompanied by a gross outrage on the laws of the United States, in the resistance of its process, had been committed; and you may be assured that so soon as the guilty agents are ascertained they will be punished in its severest penalty by the law of Pennsylvania. I am very proud that the first steps to detect and arrest these offenders have been taken by Pennsylvania officers.

Permit me, gentlemen, having thus removed all just cause of anxiety from your minds, respectfully to suggest that the idea of rebellion, or "insurrectionary movement" in the county of Lancaster, or anywhere else in this Commonwealth, has no real foundation, and is an offensive imputation on a large body of our fellow citizens. There is no insurrectionary movement in Lancaster county, and there would be no occasion to march a military force there, as you seem to desire, and inflame the public mind by any such strange exaggeration. I do not wish our brethren of the Union to think that in any part of this State, resistance to the law goes undetected or unpunished, or that there exists such a sentiment as treason to the Union and the constitution. The alleged murderers of Mr. Gorsuch, whose crime is deep enough without exaggerating it, have been arrested and will be tried, and they and their abettors be made to answer for what they have done in contravention of the law. But in the meantime, let me invite your co-operation, as citizens of Pennsylvania, not only to see that the law is enforced, but to add to the confidence which we all feel in the judicial tribunals of the land, by abstaining from undue violence of language, and letting the law take its course. Depend upon it, gentlemen, there is in Lancaster county a sense of duty to the laws of the land, manifested in the easy and prompt arrest of these offenders, which will on all occasions show itself in practical obedience.

The people of that county are men of peace and good order, and not easily led aside from the path of duty which the Constitution prescribes. They and every Pennsylvanian love the Constitution and the Union. They will detect, as they have done in this case, and arrest and punish all who violate the laws of the land. There is no warrant, depend on it, for representing the men of Lancaster county as traitors and participants in an "insurrectionary movement." You do them, unintentionally I have no doubt, great injustice.

I am deeply indebted to you for affording me this opportunity of expressing my views. But for your communication I might not have been able to do so. You, and my fellow-citizens at large, may be assured of my firm determination, at all hazards and under all circumstances, to maintain the supremacy of the Constitution, and enforce obedience to the laws alike of the United States and of this commonwealth.

In order that I may be sure that my answer may reach its destination, (your letter having but accidently come to my hands,) I have requested Mr. White to put it in the hands of Mr. John Cadwalader, whose signature, I observe, is first.

I am, with great respect,
Your obedient servant,
WM. F. JOHNSTON.

THAT all apprehensions of a want of promptness and energy in the Federal Government at this terrible crisis of Civil War and threatened anarchy may be allayed among the more timid of our readers, we copy the following letter from the Executive at Washington to the Governor of Maryland.

DEPARTMENT OF STATE, }
Washington, 16th Sept., 1851. }

To His Excellency, the Governor of Maryland:

SIR—Your letter of the 15th instant, to the President, has been received. In reply, I am instructed to say, that, on Saturday last, official reports of the outrage referred to by your Excellency, were received from the Commissioner of the United States, in Philadelphia, and the District Attorney for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.

After a careful consideration of the subject, orders were dispatched by the President to the proper officers of the United States in Pennsylvania, requiring them to proceed immediately to arrest all persons criminally concerned in the transaction.

The District Attorney was especially instructed to ascertain whether the facts would make out the crime of treason against the United States, and if so, to take prompt measures to secure all concerned, for trial for that offence.

I am instructed to assure your excellency that the President regards this violation of the rights of the peaceful citizens of Maryland with deep abhorrence, and that he will not fail to exert all his constitutional powers to bring the offenders to merited punishment, and to prevent similar outrages in future.

I am, sir, respectfully, your ob't serv't,
W. S. DERRICK, Acting Secretary.

☞ The Liberty Party held a Convention at Buffalo last week, and nominated Gerrit Smith of N. York, and Charles Durkee of Wisconsin, as their candidates for President and Vice President at the next election. Mr. Smith at first declined the nomination on the ground that it restricted him somewhat in the disposition of his means in various benevolent schemes. He yielded, however, to the solicitations of his friends, and consented at length to the use of his name. It is not impossible that he may have reflected also that an imputation against a Liberty Party candidate of using money to affect a Presidential election could only be simply ludicrous. Even under circumstances where there could be a reasonable expectation of influencing an election by the use of money, the man who should bring such a charge against Gerrit Smith would only be laughed at for his pains.

THE Free Soilers of Massachusetts held a State Convention at Worcester, last week, and nominated for Governor Hon. John G. Palfrey; for Lieut. Governor Hon. Amasa Walker. The nomination for Governor was first tendered to Stephen C. Phillips, but was declined.

THE UNION OUT OF DANGER.—A correspondent of the *Journal of Commerce* sends a copy of a letter to that paper which, he asserts, was addressed to both the Whig and Democratic Conventions recently assembled at Syracuse. As no notice was taken of it by either body we may reasonably conclude that the Union is considered entirely out of danger, and that the agitation of the Slavery question is suppressed for ever more:

NEW YORK, Sep. 9th, 1851.

SIR: We beg leave respectfully to transmit to you, for the purpose of being laid before the Democratic Convention now assembled at Syracuse, a copy of the following resolution, which passed unanimously in the Union Safety Committee this evening.

The resolution referred to is in the following words:

"8th. Resolved, That in the opinion of this meeting a further agitation of the Slavery question in Congress would be fraught with incalculable danger to our Union, and that we will support no candidate at the ensuing or any other election, for State officers or for members of Congress or for the Legislature, who is known or believed to be hostile to the peace measures recently adopted by Congress, or any of them, or in favour of re-opening the questions involved in them for renewed agitation."

We are, very respectfully, your fellow citizens and obedient servants,

GEO. WOOD,
THOS. W. PHELPS,
NELSON ROBINSON,
DAVID W. CATLIN.

THE friends of James Russell Lowell will be glad to learn that, after a very pleasant voyage of thirty-eight days, he and his family arrived at Malta on the 21st of August. They were soon to embark in a steamer for Messina, Naples and Leghorn, and by this time have probably taken up their abode at Florence.

ANOTHER SLAVE CASE IN PHILADELPHIA.—Abraham Hall, the alleged fugitive Slave of one Slade, of Maryland, was arrested near Christiana, Pa., last week, and taken for trial before a Commissioner in Philadelphia. He acknowledged the charge against him and expressed his willingness to return with his master. He was accordingly remanded.

A SERMON.

Farewell Sermon, delivered to the Congregational Church of Concord, Mass., Sept. 7, 1851, by
DANIEL FOSTER.

THE TRUE CHURCH A BROTHERHOOD OF CHRISTIANS.

"The church of the living God, the ground and pillar of the truth."—1 TIM, 3: 15.

IN this sententious and suggestive phrase is the germ of a most important truth which I propose, to-day, to expand in the discussion of these three questions: *What is the true Church? What is its mission? How is its work to be accomplished?* I select this as an appropriate subject for my farewell discourse. Christ speaks of only two classes into which mankind is divided, the Good and the Bad, the Righteous and the Wicked, the Church and the World. The one is like Christ, the divine man, the perfect example of human excellence. He is the brother, the friend of man. His life is radiant with the heavenly light of truth and love. His affections are deep and pure, and they are fixed on worthy objects. The fountain of his love is exhaustless, and its sweet and refreshing waters flow o'er his life and o'er the world. The divine love of Jesus for man is his controlling sentiment. As it led our Redeemer to constant and willing self-denial for the good of needy and suffering men, so does it lead him to joyful and unfailing efforts and sacrifices for the redemption of man from every evil power. His purpose is to do right at all times and at all hazards. The unpopular cause, in the persecution of whose supporters the world again crucifies Jesus, he supports and advances with his whole influence. His regard for himself, for man in all conditions, is so great that he cannot consent to injustice in the private life nor in the social state. In his consecration to truth, he gives himself and his all to the holy cause. He spurns compromise with wrong, preferring the loss of all mortal treasures rather than darken his immortal life with the stain which obedience to evil principle indelibly brands into the conscience of man. He has no fellowship with any deed of darkness, however general may be its practice, however powerful its hold upon the conduct of men. His estimate of life is not time alone, but immortality, and he lives with a high, a noble, an endless development in view. His estimate of virtue is so exalted, and his consciousness of his own short-comings so true, that he casts down from his spirit's throne all pride as hateful and base, wholly inconsistent with true manliness, evar indicative of a false life, and he is unobtrusively always humble. The honours and pleasures of the world have no charms for him, compared to the allurements of Wisdom's Call. His ambition is pointing and urging him on to ceaseless effort to improve, to become better and wiser as the hours of existence wing their upward way. His life is a perpetual prayer, an endless offering of praise, a holy sacrifice which sends forth a sweet-smelling savour to gladden and bless all life. A child of God, he holds *filial* communion with his Heavenly Father, not specially, at certain appointed hours and days, merely, but always and everywhere. The world is his closet as well as his secret chamber, and the offering of gratitude, and joy, and love, goes up from his heart, when with men in the busy scenes of public life as well as when he offers the word of audible prayer in his closet or in the sanctuary. Every flower in the field unfolds its beauties to his eye in eloquent praise of its Maker. Every blade of grass and every herb in the field, and each forest tree, is a medium of communication to him with his Heavenly Father. The bird on its wings, cleaving the air or resting from its flight, sings to his ear a song of Divine praise. The insect hums and chirps to the hearing faculty of his soul in harmony with the loftier songs of the Angelic Choir. The fishes gambol in their liquid home, and the lambs skip in their green pastures, as his eye rests upon them, in eloquent praise of God. The air breathes to his soul the last faint echoes of heaven's harmonies. The clouds drop down upon his pathway in life heavenly dews; the stars look down into his soul as beautiful images of the perfect light of heaven's Day; the moon, with her mild radiance, is a speaking symbol to his pure heart of heaven's Rest; the sun illustrates to his understanding, as it goes on dispensing to all men its priceless and unfailing blessings, the Goodness of God, whose love lights up every honest soul, dispelling thence all darkness and sorrow. Each virtuous act excites his gratitude and holy emulation. His conscience, in harmony with the Divine Conscience, cheers his life in the service of truth. Every true word that he hears spoken, or finds upon the written page, is a part of his Bible, a revelation of the Holy Spirit, and with all joy does he receive and obey it. No unholy word, wherever found, however professedly sanctioned, comes to his conscience with the impress of the Divine upon it. He knows that the Father of men never commanded a portion of his children to exterminate, with fire and sword, another part of the human brotherhood, and by violence to possess themselves of their homes. His reason, taught by the Divine influence, teaches him that the murderous war-spirit, that all injustice, all inhumanity, all unbrotherly conduct between man and his fellow, is abhorrent to infinite Love, was never sanctioned by infinite Goodness; that whenever and by whomsoever such sanction is claimed for conduct inherently wicked, the claim is entirely unfounded. God is not to be charged with such tyranny and injustice. His views of God are such as honour the eternal Father; and his life, based on these views, is filial in its likeness to his Heavenly Parent. His views of man are such as honour God, in the noble efforts to aid the human brotherhood, which these views cause him to put forth in his daily life.

A disciple of Jesus, he endeavours to do his master's work, to send forth into the world the light of Christ's heavenly spirit. He seeks to comprehend that Divine Life and Word which are yet to light up the soul of every man that cometh into the world, which are the great example and precept by whose application to all human relations and activities, the world is yet to be reclaimed and made a happy home for holy men. *He respects honest industry*, useful toil, and is himself a *worker*, as his Divine Redeemer was. He imitates Christ in the *patience* with which he endures the trials of life and its labours. His eye is upward and his aim is onward. He concentrates his energies and nobly *perseveres* in the Christian effort to accomplish as much good as possible for himself and for the brotherhood of men. He imitates Jesus in the *self-denial* of his life. Whoever is true now must bear the cross of self-denial, must give up many things which the selfish heart fondly loves, and deny self many gratifications for which the present hour will plead, that the future may be unclouded and joyous. He is *faithful* in doing the work of his discipleship. It is his meat to do his Father's will and to finish His work. In the dark hour of trial, his faith rises high above the clouds and takes a firm hold of the sure promise. The mountain may be moved from its base; the rocky shore of old ocean may be crumbled by the ever-dashing waves; but he shall stand unshaken by the storms of life whose hope is based upon the truth. He is *forgiving* in his disposition towards men. The wicked heaped cruel wrongs upon the head of Jesus, and his faithful disciples will now meet with an experience of persecution for righteousness' sake, and he must bear it in the exercise of the forgiving temper of his Lord. He will be a *bold reprover* of the stubborn wrong-doer, of the pharisee who oppresses his brother, and, by the hypocrisy of his life, dishonours God. He will be known of all men as the unceasing opposer of the oppressor; standing out against all wrong with his entire moral power, as his great Exemplar did in his life with men. As Jesus did, so will he *love* man with a divine affection. He will strive to do good, to promote his brother's well-being, to destroy the power which harms him. He will preach deliverance to the oppressed, and labour in the tireless patience of heavenly love to overthow all social institutions, and customs, and laws, which wrong the brotherhood of men. He will send out on all sides the word and effort of affection in behalf of the poor, the suffering, the outcast, the despised, the down-trodden. In this noble work of Love, he will imitate and follow Jesus, whose affection for mankind made him a willing sacrifice for man's redemption.

Such is a brief summary of Christian character, in most instances, it is true, marred by more or less imperfection. Some disciples have but little knowledge; some have sorely besetting sins, infirmities of temper, inordinate passions, which trouble them long before they are brought into complete subjection to the Divine Law. But the purpose and the effort of every intelligent Christian is to be and to do as I have described in this summary. No one is a disciple of Jesus who is not wholly consecrated to God, and fully resolved to be governed in all things by the rule of absolute right. Those men who have derided the higher law in this land of late, making human enactments supreme over conscience, are guilty of promulgating the darkest infidelity. Woe to this nation if we follow the counsels of our Websters and our Stuarts, the infidel statesmen and the infidel ministers of this day.

I might now present to you a summary of character opposed to Christ, and describe, in contrast to the good, the wicked; but this you have already done, in following my thoughts. And so I will spend no time now in doing this. You will see at once how all this applies to my first question, What is the true Church? I have been drawing the portrait of a member of that Church, a citizen of Zion, one of the divine family. This portrait is a likeness of each member of the true church. And now you will readily see that no organization of men, called a church, is the true church. No such association embraces all the good. The earnest seekers after truth, and all such, are members of the Church of Christ. It does include some of the bad, who are not members of the true church. Christ and his twelve Apostles did not constitute the true church, though the one was and is its head, and eleven of the others were members of the church of the living God. Judas, the treasurer of that company, was a wicked man, a devil, and, of course, not a member of the true church. Those only who love and seek to obey the truth, and all who do this, are members of the one only true church. Each man, woman, and child, may and should join that church. But it is an act between the conscience of the actor and God the acceptor. No third party interferes or has aught to do in this important step. The man who truly resolves to be the child of God, when that resolution is formed, is accepted of his Heavenly Father, and becomes a member of "the church of the living God." But bear ye this in mind. That resolve, the most important ever taken, is to be deliberately formed in firm reliance on the love of God, manifested in all diversities of form, and with all degrees of emphasis, with a consciousness of human weakness needing the divine influence to aid its holy efforts, and with a mind made up to endure the trials of the Christian warfare, and to fight its battles on to the end of life. He who should hastily and thoughtlessly resolve to be a scholar might commence with great ardour and run well for a time up the steep hill and over the rugged path which leads to the temple of Knowledge; but not having counted the cost, meeting unexpected difficulties, and seeing, as he struggles on that temple receding, the path becoming more rugged and precipitous, would stop in disgust and turn back to the wastes of Ignorance for present ease. The entire resolve must urge the student on from the first to the last step in his upward, toilsome way, or he will never rest upon the glorious mountain top, and, from his prospect tower, look out upon a sight o'er which the sons of the morning shout for joy, the sight of which repays the true hearted beholder for severe and protracted mental toil. So it is in joining "the church of the living God." Weigh well the momentous step before you resolve to take it, or you will turn back.

There is a general impression that they only are members of this church who have a direct knowledge of Christ; that there is no possibility of others joining this church. But this is an utter misapprehension of God's merciful plan. Strange that any one should suppose for a momoment that God is a respecter of persons, and that he rejects any one of the human family "who feareth Him and worketh righteousness." Some of the best men have lived without the Bible which we read. The Divine law was written on their hearts as it is on ours, and this is the highest revelation that God gives to man, the test by which all others are to be tried and accepted or condemned. Confucius, the great teacher of the Chinese people, Socrates, the Grecian moralist, and others who, like these men, sought to know and obey the Divine, were, beyond all question, members of "the church of the living God." They trusted in the Love of God, manifested to them in various ways, revealed to them with saving power by the Divine Spirit, and their faith and the obedience founded thereon were accounted to them righteousness. We see the Divine Love in multiplied forms, the brightest and best of which is the example and word of Jesus. When we speak of trusting in Christ for salvation, we do not or should not mean that we trust in a Saviour different from Him in whom all true hearts confide. The Infinite Love sent Jesus and anointed him to be the Redeemer of men. We go back of Christ and trust in the Love of God, to which faith the Son of God, and our brother Jesus Christ, is the Way. He is the Visible by and in whom we see the Invisible, the Eternal. The Publican's prayer was made directly to the mercy of God. Its brief words were, "God be merciful to me a sinner." He was accepted and saved. So, too, the prayer which Jesus gives us as a form or model of petition addresses God as the Father of men, and implores blessings in filial trust on this Love of the infinite parental Spirit. Thus we see harmony in all the operations of the divine plan of mercy, and progress in its glorious development of truth. This harmony can never be broken, this progress never arrested. Here, then, is "the church of the living God, the ground and pillar of the truth," the same now as heretofore, and the same in its character forever. She enfolds in her protecting arms all who love God and obey His law, the fulfilment of which is entire love of the brotherhood of men. God requires no other service at our hands. We obey His law with perfect obedience when we help ourselves and our brother to the utmost extent in our power. All religious service which has not the present good of man in view is heartless formality, and with it the Father of Spirits has no fellowship at all.

In all these organizations of men into churches there are doubtless true christians. There are true christians not connected with them. There are holy men and women in heathen lands who earnestly long to be conformed to the truth. These all constitute a divine brotherhood. Christ is its head; he is our elder brother; the first Begotten. The children of light who dwell now in the eternal state are members of this brotherhood. *This* is the church which is the ground and pillar of the truth. Each member thereof is a temple of God. The divine spirit dwells in his soul, overuling truth and aiding the true effort of his life. No creed or rule, written or unwritten, by which the churches of this world are governed, truly and fully expresses the mind of God. The law of this church is, *progress now and forever*. Christ did not finish the divine revelation; the Apostle did not leave it complete. It will forever be enlarged in the knowledge it communicates to men, and in the joy it confers, the good it establishes. That body of men who are associated together for the noblest purpose, whose bond of union is holy principle, comes the nearest to the character of the true church of all the organizations of men. If you can find a body of men united for the attainment of an object entirely noble, ruled by principles altogether true, and aiding their precious work with corresponding devotion, there you have an association which is indeed a branch of the true church. Itself a true brotherhood, it is a part of the one great christian brotherhood. And you may be sure that such a band will be hated and persecuted by wicked men and denounced by the Pharisees, in their corrupt churches, as infidels, heretics and fools. The primitive churches were remarkable for the purity of their character, and for the truth of their action; and so far as they were *right*, they were *true* churches, living brotherhoods. But they were not altogether right; *we* see the injustice, for instance, of Paul's views of woman's place and duty, and we reject those views, unhesitatingly, as no part of God's Word.

I proceed now to consider my second question, *What is the mission of the christian church?* Christ came on a mission of Love to this world. The mission of christianity is the accomplishment of the work of human reform which its great leader commenced. The general idea among professed christians has been that christianity had to do mainly with our *future* life, that its great concern was to save the soul from *future* woe, that its rewards and pleasures were to be conferred on the religious soul; mainly in the *future* state, hardly at all here and now; that its result now is to be sorrow, trial, a cross, gloom and tears; that it requires now a hard and unsocial state of mind, demanding penances, and prayers and fasts and sacred days rigidly observed as the most essential part of its services; and that its requirements have but little to do with the business and pleasure and politics of this life. This is a sad mistake, and its influence upon social life has been sad indeed. The truth is, christianity tells us but little *directly* of our future life. Its concernment is altogether with this life: its mission is to remove *present* evil, and secure to man *present* good. The mind that does not enjoy God here, and now, is in no condition to enjoy him hereafter or elsewhere. Death makes no change in any man's character. The principles which govern you here will govern you in eternity. As you plant today, so shall you gather to-morrow. The child of God is happy here. Whoever rejects the service of truth can be happy nowhere. The

ing eyes the perfect glory of God, and all shall glorify him, who is the Father and tender friend of man.

It remains now for me to consider the last question proposed in the discussion of my subject to-day, *How is this work of christian reform to be accomplished?* By no miraculous interposition of Divine Providence is triumph to be secured. God works by fixed laws. This our whole experience in life demonstrates. The law of Providence assures constant and important aid to him who is doing the work of a true life. When Luther trusted in the divine promise revealed to his soul by the infinite spirit, and went with his life in his hands to the Diet of Worms, to testify to the truth, vital to that hour, before a despotic and unscrupulous emperor, and a powerful tribunal of fierce opponents, he was successful, and not only bore a noble testimony in behalf of the unpopular truth, but also gained a moral victory over his enemies, and left their presence safe and triumphant from the perilous encounter. But his safety was secured by no miracle worked out in his behalf. It was the result of fixed laws. Yet God was with the brave German preacher, and, through him, spoke words in ears not accustomed to such ideas as those words conveyed with an eloquence and power that fixed them indelibly upon their hearts. John Huss perished at the stake when he went on a similar mission, as the result also of fixed law. The truth had not sufficiently aroused the conscience of Europe to make the testimony of Huss safe. His death at the stake perhaps was necessary to prepare the way for the successful testimony of his successor, in the noble work of humanity then vital to the world. His *death* then was in fact success, as the *life* of Luther afterwards was. So now, you enter on the work of reform, counting the cost and ready to sacrifice life itself, if duty demands the offering. You may die, worn out by your ceaseless toils the martyr's lot may be your destiny. You may live and triumph gloriously over all opposition, and plant the banner of truth on the fortress top which you have won and held from the forces of Error. If you are true to your conscience you will succeed, whether you die soon or long hence. But your success, your death at this or at another hour is the result, not of a direct Providence, but of a divine Providence, if you please so to call it, in the sure operations of fixed law. He then who folds his hands and says, "oh well my friend, this is wrong, reform is needed here, but it is God's purpose that this evil should be permitted and he will remove it in his own chosen time and way. I can only pray and wait for God's time and way," is in fact doing nothing at all to accomplish the christian work. His professed faith in God is fatalism or hypocrisy, and in consequence of this false position he will be of no use in the struggle between Right and Wrong. His prayers are simply a waste of time and breath to no purpose whatever.

Again the Christian work is not to be accomplished by the efforts of the Sectarian Churches of the world. The experience of centuries has demonstrated, beyond all controversy, the faithless character of the Church as now constituted and governed, and the utter hopelessness of the world's redemption through the agency of a selfish, worldly, time-serving Church. Christ's character was based on love of man. He regarded, addressed and treated man, in all the situations of social life, as his brothers worthy of infinite affection, and entitled, as the child of God, to the respect of every intelligent being. He pronounces scorn of the poor and the friendless the highest possible crime, and liable to the severest possible retribution; while love of, and sympathy with, man in his helplessness, constitute the most acceptable service which the children of earth can render to their Heavenly Father. I unhesitatingly affirm, confident that your conscience will accept the statement, the Christian work must be founded on that divine estimate of man which characterizes the Life and Word of Christ. In the heart which loves man as Jesus did, you will find a consecration to truth and duty, on which, as on the unshaken rock, the work of a true life is built, to remain safe and firm against all the storms of time. But whoever does not feel this heavenly affection for man, the leading sentiment of his soul will not do, in his social relations and activities, the Christian work. He is building the work of life on the sand, and, when the storm strikes upon it, then it goes with the onward tide and is lost. You will admit at once that these affirmations are true of individual character. Then are they true, necessarily of associations of men. Men associate and start a factory or build a railroad, openly professing the true object of their union, to gain property. If properly conducted, such associations bless and are blessed in the result to others and to themselves of a worthy enterprise. But the moment such an association claims a divine appointment, as giving it authority over conscience, it ceases to be a worthy concern, and is open to just condemnation as an engine of tyranny. A railroad company is good in its place, but it is based altogether on worldly policy and therefore can be no part of "the Church of the living God." Selfishness is the sand on which it is founded. Love is the rock on which the Christian brotherhood rests. Show me, then, any association of men, united by a narrow, bigoted, selfish principle, and I will at once demonstrate to you the impossibility of its being a part of the true Church. But point out an association whose bond of union is love of man; whose object and tireless effort are the promotion of human good, the reform of the world, the overthrow of wrong, the establishment of right, the elevation of the human race, and you at once indicate a true Christian Church. Wicked men may name it an infidel society, a band of fanatics, a union of heretics. In so doing, the Pharisees of this day are following in the footsteps of their infamous predecessors, who called Christ and his Apostles, eighteen centuries ago, by the same reproachful terms, and for the same reason. Of course, such an association, such a true Christian Church, wherever found is advancing the work of Christian reform.

I have already affirmed, in view of the experience of the past, that the Church, as now constituted and governed, is faithless to her trust, and that the redemption of the world from evil through the influence of these worldly, time-serving, selfish churches, is a hope utterly fallacious. And now I ask you to look at their character in a *single* point for yourselves, and decide in view of the actual truth, if my affirmation be not strictly true. The churches of the world are *sectarian*. I know of no organization containing a large or small number of churches which is not bitterly hostile to the liberal, free, loving spirit of the Gospel. You will permit me to relate a fact which illustrates their sectarian character. A clergyman of some celebrity recently exchanged with a brother of humble influence, whom you know to be an earnest, thorough reformer. He afterwards learned that this brother did not regard the Sabbath, as kept in this land, to be an institution of divine appointment, but that he believed in a Sabbath devoted to humanity, and appointed for the good of man. He learned that this poor radical brother rode to an appointment, some twelve miles distant, on Sabbath morning, and returned to his home at the close of his pulpit services on the evening of the same day. On learning this fact he remarked, with emphasis, to one of his brother's hearers, "I shall never exchange with your minister again. I should be glad to fellowship him, but I will not do it if he fails to come up to the *Orthodox scratch*." This distinguished clergyman professes to be an earnest Abolitionist, and yet holds in full fellowship such men as Gardiner Spring, of New York, who would not offer the petition, could he know that one prayer from his lips would result in giving freedom to three millions of his brothers and sisters now slaves in this Christian Republic! The Presbyterian Pharisee comes up to the "Orthodox scratch" and that, in the estimate of this *professed* Abolitionist, makes him, though intensely inhuman, a good Christian minister. This coming up to the "Orthodox scratch" is absolutely essential with all sects called evangelical, if you would be fellowshipped and received as a minister by them. In another order it is necessary to come up to the Unitarian scratch, in another to the Universalist, in another, to the Swedenborgian, and in another still, to the Catholic; otherwise, there is no fellowship, no love there for the delinquent. Our nation's churches, I mean those bodies recognised to-day by the popular estimate as churches, are filled with unspeakable horror at the desecration of a day; at the infidelity which refuses to believe Moses and David when they represent God as vindictive and partial in his government over men; at the sin of discarding and denouncing heartless forms and sacraments; and they unhesitatingly excommunicate and dis-fellowship the man who does these things, no matter how humane and Christ-like his life may be, he is cast off and counted by them as the off-scouring of all things. But look upon the other side of the picture, and you see humanity desecrated, reason debased, truth outraged, right cloven down, and Jesus crucified afresh in the oppression of millions of God's children among us, and, worst of all, in the preaching of time-serving Pharisees, who tell us that we are under obligation to obey a law of unmitigated diabolism, requiring us to violate every precept of heaven, merely because this statute has received the sanction of the Legislative, Executive and Judicial departments of the Union. And still these wicked men, the infidel leaders of this day, are held in full fellowship by all the churches of their respective orders, as good Christian ministers. I might pursue this topic to much greater length, but I must hasten to another point. I will merely add here that nearly all the earnest, ever-active Reformers of our day, who do indeed remember the Oppressed as bound with them, are disfellowshipped by the churches of our land, and stand, in their noble warfare, without the aid of the churches, yea, in spite of their unrelenting opposition.

I will now briefly attempt the answer of my question, *How is this work of christian reform to be accomplished?* It is to be done by the *united* efforts of all who love truth and reverence humanity. In a true union, that is, one founded on holy principle, and bringing together the earnest, consecrated children of God, in the effort to apply divine truth to the social relations of men, there would be omnipotent power. Wicked men could not withstand its potent influence. "And the multitude of them that believed were of *one heart and of one soul*." Such is the account of the union which once bound in one the christian brotherhood of Jerusalem. Hence their career of conquest over the power of Evil was onward, upward, rapid. Each day saw their number increase and their heavenly influence upon the world widen and deepen. They were fast gaining over the world to God, and had that union continued unbroken, had the sectarian spirit been kept entirely away from the churches of christendom, the contest would have come to a glorious result centuries ago, and the nations of the earth would have gone on in a union of true progress and perfect joy. Christ knew the importance of this union among the good. Hence his prayer, that *all* who should believe on him might be one in as close a union as that which bound him to the father. Paul was a strenuous advocate for this union. "Stand first in *one spirit* with *one mind*, striving *together* for the faith of the Gospel," is the word of earnest exhortation which he addresses to all Disciples of Christ, and this spirit breathes through all his letters to "the church of the living God." Oh that the children of God might all feel with glowing hearts that spirit of brotherly love, that would enable them to appreciate and own the deed or the word of christian charity, by whomsoever done or spoken. Your heavenly father would have you co-operate with all who give evidence that they are fervently enlisted and faithfully engaged in behalf of the vital truth and against all wrong-doing. In what you see before you to-day you can realize what power there would be in such a union. There is a band of men and women, small in numbers, destitute of official influence, without the power of money, who are perfectly united in carrying forward the greatest reform of this day, the entire overthrow of human bondage. They come from all parties and sects into this union for human rights, and they work on with untiring energy, and with indomitable faith in the ultimate success of their effort. They wield a moral influence which is felt in every home in our land. There is no influence now so potent upon the nation's conscience as the truth which they utter, as they go out into the highways and lanes of life, proclaiming liberty to all the members of the human family, in the name of the Father of men. Instead of the few hundreds now doing this work, let the thirty thousand occupants of the American pulpits nobly co-operate with this christian band, let them *really* preach the gospel of deliverance to man from all social injustice and oppression, and ere many years of our nation's life should roll round, the glad jubilee of free men would rise from all the homes of this land, and swell its notes of Love in unison with the harmonies of heaven. The Calvanist should unite in the christian work with the Aminian, the Protestant with the Catholic, the Swedenborgian with the Raticnalist, the Philosopher with the Farmer, the Poet with the Mechanic, the Scholar with the Child. All men and women who love the truth should unite in the effort to reform the world.

To be thus a unit in effort it is not necessary to think alike on questions of theology. Leave a man's belief with God and his own conscience. If you deem his faith wrong, strive to convince him of his error, and be sure that you are open always yourself to conviction. Away with this pride of consistency. It is noble to change and become right wherein you are wrong. Remember that there is some truth in all systems of religion, and all truth in no *one*. If we truly live we are to learn new truth forever. In his views of the divine government and of man's destiny, the strict Calvanist is at our extreme. The Universalist is at the opposite extreme. Each right in part and each in part erroneous. The Trinitarian looks at truth from one standpoint, and his view is partly correct, not *wholly* so by any means. The Unitarian surveys life and its relations from the opposite point of view, and he sees and loves a grand, an all-important truth, but he is wanting and his system is defective, because there is not found there in the entire consecration to God which made the life of Jesus so potential and divine. There is truth in Swedenborg which we should be most unwise to reject. There is a revelation in the Rationalistic system which we may not cast away. There is heavenly beauty in what is so often called, by way of reproach, by those who know nothing about it, transcendentalism, in the masterly portraiture of the inner life, and in the poetic painting of kind and genial nature, which shall do the cause of humanity essential service.

I would have you look at truth from all points. Be willing to hear all honest words; have faith in the truth; cherish a noble spirit and daily enlarge your liberality of soul; welcome to your side any honest seeker for the truth, and be fellow workers in the noble cause. I have no fellowship with sect. I believe this to be the true Anti-Christ, as potent and false-hearted with *us* to-day, as in the Vatican at Rome. But I do fellowship, as a brother, every earnest seeker after the true, of whatever name or nation he may be.

I wish here to say a word in regard to the spirit with which we are to engage in the Christian work. Let us have this perfect Christian union which I have described; and then, let each one take hold in this work of the world's redemption with *entire consecration* to God, and this earth would soon inevitably become the home of a holy, happy brotherhood. In this grand service, in all efforts to lay hold upon the divine life, to make it our own, and to apply its power to the removal of social wrong, he that *will save* his life *shall lose* it. You cannot serve two masters. You cannot be a fashionable, popular, compromising Christian. You cannot obey Christ and at the same time be conformed to the principles of this world's policy. You cannot be obedient to the unchanging law of right and choose one of two moral evils, because it may seem to your mind a lesser wrong than the other which is presented along with it. To every wrong that shall thus offer itself the true Christian will sternly say, "get thee behind me Satan." "That sentiment which was echoed round the world, twenty centuries ago—*Fiat justicia ruat cælum*—is of binding force to-day, was yesterday, and shall be forever." How few seem to understand this important truth. How much wiser in their generations are the children of this world than the children of light. When a man embarks in business, he not only invests his capital, but he gives also the best energies of his mind to his chosen pursuit. He knows very well that success can be obtained in no other way. With what tireless patience, with what sleepless energy, does a Girard, an Astor, a Rostchild seek wealth. How complete the consecration of a Clay, a Webster, a Cass to the ambition which seeks the highest post of honour and power, as the resting place of its earnest desire. How entire the consecration of a Columbus, a Newton, a Fulton, a Humbolt to science. So must you consecrate your all to God, if you would rise steadily and surely into a true harmony with the Infinite Good, and exert the best possible influence upon the destiny of man. Whoever is thus fully committed, by covenant with Jesus, to the truth, is rising inevitably and constantly to higher, holier and better attainments and excellence of character; and is doing, in his own sphere, a great work for this suffering brotherhood of men, and for the wider and brighter manifestation of the glory of the Eternal Father.

I have already referred to a small band of despised Christian reformers who are perfectly united, with entire liberty of thought, speech and action, in carrying forward the most passingly and virtually important Christian work of this day. I have spoken of this infi-power over the nation's conscience, as the result of this union. And yet I should present an incomplete picture of that noble branch of "the church of the living God," did I fail to speak of their entire consecration to their work. In preaching the gospel of deliverance to the oppressed, in doing the Christian work of redeeming man from all wrong, they are "instant in season and out of season." No persecution alarms, no reproach affects them, no worldly expediency deters them. They are "built upon the sure foundation, Christ himself being the chief corner stone." The billows of persecution, raised high by the winds of bigotry and malice, dash fiercely against them; but there they stand, firm as the rock of ages, on which they rest. They are the hope of this wicked land to-day—they are the leaders of the sacramental host. Do thou, most merciful Father, bless them in this holy work, and hasten the day when all the good and true of this nation shall be united and consecrated, as they are, for the good of man and the glory of God. My lot is freely, fully, joyfully cast in with this band of true Christian workers. I fear not the result: God is in this movement; Truth is its life, Love its power. The glorious consummation, though it may be delayed, cannot be prevented: I see already its dawning glory.

You will expect me to say a word, in conclusion, of the circumstances which mark, with unusual interest, our meeting to-day. I now close my labours as the pastor of this church. I have been with you just six months, "And I take you all to record this day that I have not shunned to declare to you the whole counsel of God." I have tried to be faithful, as a minister of the gospel of Christ. I have sought to preach the truth now vital to humanity, which our Pharisees of Church and State denounce as heresy, sedition and infidelity. I have endeavoured to do this with all possible plainness, with a direct application to yourselves, with an entire forgetfulness of self and in the spirit of brotherly love. The seed which God has enabled me to plant in this vineyard will not fail of returning its harvest. It cannot be lost. This you will yourselves see in the developments before you. For your kindness to me I am grateful. I have formed ties of affection among you which I will not suffer to be broken. I love you all, and I wish you all success, consistent with the good of the brotherhood of man, in your future career. I pray that you may drive from your hearts the sectarian spirit and become liberal, true and loving, as you surely must do to become members of "the church of the living God." I leave you now, and my endeavour shall be to advance and improve, to lay aside every weight, to cast off every trammel, and to run with patience the race on which I have entered. I am ready to preach and labour in the gospel anywhere, in any house. It matters not to me whether it be with Trinitarians, Unitarians, or Universalists. I belong to none of your sects. I trust I am one of the Christian brotherhood. Whenever I preach I do it untrammelled by sectarian creeds, and rules, and customs, whether written or unwritten, whether claiming to be divine or confessedly human. I am a free man in Christ, and my freedom I prize more than I do salary and popularity. I shall be ready to co-operate with you in every good word and work. I shall be ready to exchange with the brother who succeeds me in this pulpit. If he preach error, I can nevertheless trust the truth, and allow him the free expression of his error to those who hear my radical truth. I entreat you to heed and obey the apostolic injunction, "*Prove all things and hold fast the good.*"

Domestic Correspondence.

FROM OUR BOSTON CORRESPONDENT.

NO. LXXXVIII.

THE ARGUMENT.—*The Vision—The sattellites—A Cabinet Incog.—Degrees of Bigness—The Correspondent apologizeth for his state of mind—Patriotic relaxation—Heroes of Sims Campaign—The Occasion—The Committees—Presidential Coquetry—The President's Reception—The Procession—The Select Slave-catchers—The Correspondent justifieth their strategy—The Sims Brigade—Painful and Pleasing Consciousness—The Slave-catcher in Chief—His Car—How gods and men may differ—The Correspondent disserteth on Titles—And on Mr. Fillmore's physiognomy—He committeth a Scandalum Magriatum—Mr. Webster and the Mayor and Alderman—He kicketh them—They ask for "more"—Which they receive and how—The Union saved at the State House—Loyalty and Cattle-breeding—Thursday and Friday—President and Mayor absent—Lord Elgin—The Trades—Emblematic carryings—The Dinner—The Illuminations—Strange Omission—The Transparencies, &c. &c. &c.*

BOSTON, Sept. 22, 1851.

YES, we have seen him! The great Fillmore has illuminated these hyperborean regions with the light of his countenance! The lesser lights that revolve around him have also shed their sweet influences upon us! I don't remember their names, all of them. Who does remember who are the cabinet ministers at Washington, unless it may be, here and there, a mendicant for office? Ask any ten men at random that you meet in the street, the names of the Federal Secretaries, and, "my dukedom to a beggarly denier," not two of them can tell you the name of any except Mr. Webster. Nevertheless, they were all here, and very great men in their way, I dare say, though it may not be in the very biggest of ways. With such a constellation dragging me away from my accustomed orbit, you and your readers must excuse me if I deviate from my usual course so far as to send you two consecutive letters in successive weeks. Would you have my mind admit any meaner (if such there be) and less sacred ideas until I have fairly discharged it of the oppressive presence of these angelic memories? If the tumult of my emotions should affect the clearness of my narrative, I shall hope to be pardoned in view of the strong excitement of loyal transport to which I have been exposed, the disturbing influence of which, though past, my mind (never of the strongest) must still feel,

"As the billow the form of the gale that is fled!"

Well, then, you must know that our excellent and patriotic Mayor and Aldermen, thinking themselves entitled to a little recreation after the hardships of the great Sims Campaign, seized the first fair opportunity for a little glorification and jollification, at the City's expense. This opportunity offered itself on the occasion of the completion of the various lines of Railways that bring this City in direct communication with the Canadas. So it was determined that we, too, should have our "*trois jours*," and committees were despatched (at the city's expense, mind ye) to Washington, to invite the President, to Canada to bid Lord Elgin, and to New Hampshire to entreat the Godlike, to assist at this festivity. On Wednesday, the first of the three days, the President was to be received. He had rather coquetted with the invitation, although, as the *Boston Post* justly remarked, he and his Cabinet were entitled to little relaxation, *not having had any this summer;* but fortunately remembering that the Ides of May would soon be here, and that no reasonable opportunity of recommending himself to the lieges should be lost, on he came. Wednesday arrived, and the streets were well filled with the expectant people. After the usual delays, the procession came along, and no one can deny that it was admirably marshalled. First came a line of the City's Select Slave-catchers, probably the very ones who were detailed on the forlorn hope that captured that public enemy, Tom Sims, under protences which, though false, were justifiable as stratagems of war, especially in the face of such tremendous odds. Then followed the Sims Brigade, painfully aware of their cock's tails and gold lace, but borne up by the consciousness of the manner in which they had helped to save the Nation on the great occasion when they won for themselves immortal glory and the name which will ever distinguish them. The banner which is to be emblazoned with the name of this victory could not be completed in time for this occasion, much to the annoyance of those gallant men and to the disappointment of the public at large.

After the Sims Brigade had defiled before us, the most important portion of the whole, viz., the Spectators (for what would any Show be without anybody to look on and admire), came the City's Slave catcher in Chief, the Great Tukey, in a triumphal Chariot drawn by one horse. Men might, perhaps, call it a *gig*, but I am sure the gods will agree with me in denominating it a Car of Triumph. It is the Hero that makes the Car and not the Car the Hero. Then came the President (as we absurdly denominate the Vice President, when he becomes Acting President), in a barouche, by the side of the Mayor, bowing from side to side, when anybody would give him a chance. I can't tell why it was, but there was very little cheering and no enthusiasm. As, indeed, why should there be? Who cared for this Accident of an Accident, who became President by the accident of Taylor's death, and Vice President by the obstinacy of the Massachusetts Delegation to the Philadelphia Convention in continuing to vote for Mr. Webster, which lost Mr. Lawrence the nomination? And if one could have excited beforehand any emotion at the idea of seeing the man who stands for twenty-four millions of other men, one glance at him was enough to dispel the illusion. "Look in his face and you forget it all." I had been told that Mr. Fillmore was a well-looking man! He is tall and of a good frame, but his face! I had often heard of dough-faces, but never saw one before in the flesh. An expression of stupid good nature was all that redeemed his broad inexpressive features from inordinate homeliness. Behind him came the members of the Cabinet whose names nobody can recollect, and then a long line of coaches filled with civic and other dignitaries, with whose names and additions I shall not trouble you, the rather because I do not know them myself.

After refreshing at the Revere House, the President proceeded to the State House to have his formal Reception by the Governor. But before we accompany him thither, I must invite your attention to the relations of the Great Secretary and the Mayor and Aldermen. You remember how these last refused Faneuil Hall to him for the necessary Salvation of the Union, and how, although they went on their bellies and did eat dirt to appease him, he refused to forgive them and kicked them in a sound and satisfactory manner. Now, these worthies, not thinking they had got enough, sent, as I have said, a deputation to Franklin, N. H., to invite his presence at this time. This invitation he crustily refused. But when the President arrived at the Revere House, there was Mr. Webster ready to welcome him and to accompany him to the State House. When there, he made a flattering Speech to Governor Boutwell, thus recognizing the State hospitalities, but ignoring poor Mayor Bigelow and all his pageantry in the most remorseless manner. Of course, he and the President and all the Secretaries saved the Union over and over again. Two of these I understand to be Slaveholders, one of them from Virginia. This latter actually had the face to tell the people of Massachusetts (the impudent man-breeder!) that *he* should stand by the Union! The dence he will! I wonder how many cattle breeders there are that *won't* stand by a partnership which alone enables them to sell their stock to advantage! After the ceremonies at the State House were over, there was a Review of the Sims Brigade and two or three other regiments on the Common. The President appeared to much better personal advantage on horseback than in his barouche. He is what the English call "a fine man"—that is, a tall, well-built, personable man. But handsome! I should as soon think of calling him Anti-Slavery.

The next day (Thursday) was spent in excursions in the Harbour to visit the City Institutions on the Islands. Friday was the great day of the three, and was the finest of the three, though all were what is called in England "Queen's Weather." The city was filled from all the country roundabout by means of the railways with innumerable hosts. It was really a fine sight to see such multitudes of orderly, well-dressed people, with scarcely an instance of rags or drunkenness. The streets through which the Procession was to pass were thronged, and all the windows and housetops filled and covered. The President, it seems, had been so overdone with the hospitalities and fatigues of the two preceding days that he was unable to appear in the Procession. The Mayor, also, was absent, whether bewailing in secret places the cruelty of Mr. Webster or not I cannot say, not being in his confidence. So Lord Elgin, who had arrived the night before, was the great man of the day, under the charge of the President of the Common Council. It was better so. As there was no absolute objection to this celebration, but only as it was to be made subservient to little vanities or great rascalities, it was much more satisfactory that the most prominent person should have been the only Great Magistrate this side of Mexico who can hold his high office without ceasing to be a Gentleman: who is not obliged to swear to do, and to do, the dirtiest of all work, before he can exercise his authority. The great feature of this procession was the part which the different Trades took in it. These were very numerously represented, carrying specimens of their handicrafts, and, many of them, actually engaged in them. The silversmiths distinguished themselves by the splendid display of their wares, arranged pyramidally, and borne by four negroes dressed as Moors. It was no bad emblem of the wealth of this country, as falsely pretended by scurvy politicians, various and splendid, but upheld by blacks. A live eagle, too, was carried in the procession, as emblematic of our Country's Bird; and, properly enough, he was held down by a chain!

But it is impossible for me to go more into detail. The whole day ended in a Dinner under a Tent capable of seating Four Thousand persons. The dinner is said to have been abundant and sumptuous, and was provided by Joshua B. Smith, who is now recognised as the Prince of Caterers, in these parts. The President was at the Dinner, but not Mr. Webster. He left, however, with the Secretaries whose names no man can remember, before the cloth was withdrawn; but not before, you will be happy to learn, they had saved the Union several times more. Lord Elgin made a very excellent speech, as did several others. In the evening there were illuminations in various parts of the city. The City Hall and the New Gaol (an odd, but not unhappy, idea) were brilliant; but I am sorry to say that the Court House, the scene of the Sims Victory, the crowning glory of the Mayor and Aldermen, was shrouded in darkness. Was this Excess of Modesty? Did they wish to hide their blushing honours under the mask of Night? I cannot understand it. There *was* a Transparency in front of the City Hall which I supposed to be Sims himself, going in triumph to the happy home to which our City Authorities had kindly restored him. But I was assured, on good authority, that it was meant for General Washington. But perhaps, however, I was right after all.

D. T.

LETTER FROM GEORGE C. BLANCHARD.

PALENVILLE, Green Co., Sept. 20th, 1851

S. H. GAY—*Dear Sir:* When great wrongs exist in any part of the world, the friend of Humanity has no time to be idle, but must be up and doing while the day lasts. While Slavery exists on American soil, no true friend of his country will fold his arms for a moment. Slavery being the greatest evil in the land, it is our duty, especially, to labour for its extinction. As men and as christians, we must use all our influence, all our ability, all our powers of every description, for the abolition of one of the vilest Institutions that ever disgraced any part of God's green Earth! Those who disbelieve the Bible, will deny this; Atheists will deny this; all who think the lower law is to be obeyed instead of the higher. All these will deny that Slavery is the greatest sin of ancient or modern times. Great men, governed by ambitious motives, lift up their voices in the Pulpit, and say 'we must obey the Law of our Country!' And Small men, for fear of giving offence, raise their despicable heads and say 'Christianity demands that we obey the Law!' Thus these men, high and low, cry down the Higher Law, and labour to elevate the lower. Hence, the Christianity of the present day is a stumbling-block to many. Many are they who are deluded by it. The majority of the Pulpits in this Christian land, are filled by men who seek them only as a place of distinction. There are some honourable exceptions. There are yet in the Pulpit, some men, of iron-nerve and noble soul, who lift up their forheads in the Pulpit, and speak out like men, who fear God and not man! Who, like their Master before them, defend the cause of the weak and down-trodden, though popularity is sacrificed thereby. The time is not yet when a man can preach the true Gospel and be popular. Christianity has met with buffetings and curses, ever since it made its appearance in the world. The more zealous Christians have been, the more persecution have they suffered. It has been so in all ages, and it is so to-day. To be a Christian is not to be at peace with the world. It is the very reverse. Christianity is not so tame and inoffensive a thing, after all! It does not shut itself up as in a prison to enjoy all its sweets alone! It is no craven, selfish thing that seeks peace at the sacrifice of all that is noble, and generous, and good! No, it is no such thing! else all men would be christians. It walks abroad by noon-day, making war on all that tends to debase, to corrupt, and to destroy! It seeks for those who are despised and poor, that they may be comforted; for those in ignorance, that they may be educated; for the Slave who toils in the mine, that he may receive the light of its teachings! It remembers those in 'bonds, as bound with them.' It seeks after the Slave on the Plantation, to know whether he reaps of the fruit of his toil. Southern men may say 'it is none of our business,' but Christianity says it is. Christianity knows no State or Country—it knows nothing less than the world! It must ever be in war, while there is wrong to combat. 'There shall be wars and rumors of wars.' The office of Christianity is not to look idly on, when corruption stalks abroad, and wickedness abounds, and universal lust prevails. It will not cry peace, peace, when there is no peace—when war is necessary! It does not sacrifice Three and a half Millions of human beings in bondage, for the sake of Peace! Christianity is self-sacrificing—but it will not sacrifice the rights of those whose duty it is to protect and defend! It seeks not to settle principles by Compromise—it knows no Compromise! Individual rights may be adjusted by Compromise; but when the Holiest principles of morality and Religion are Compromised, the good is only apparent—while nothing is gained, much is lost. Those who surrendered all the Religion, and all the Humanity they possessed, for the sake of our 'Glorious Union, were 'fools and blind.' And thus it ever will be; when men practically say there is no God, and so manufacture laws in opposition to His; or when they think themselves wiser than God, and so would have His Law set aside for a time, on the principle of Expediency; when they say, the Fugitive shall be given up in the face of a Higher Law, which says: 'Thou shalt not deliver unto his master the servant that has escaped from his master unto thee: he shall dwell with thee, even among you, in that place which he shall choose, in one of thy gates where it liketh him best: thou shalt not oppress him.' (Deut 23 ch. 15 and 16 ver) If it be said this enactment has nothing to do with, or has no reference to servants in America, I answer, the Bible contains no enactment regulating Slavery in the United States. The Law of the Hebrews was not made for us; and this is a sufficient answer. This enactment has no reference to the affairs of foreigners. It is unlimited to slaves escaping, whether from Hebrew masters or any other. If the Bible sanctions Slavery in the United States, why then may not some of our Senators and Representatives in Congres be enslaved? If the right to make slaves of the Heathen among us, be good in the United States, they are just the ones! We are commanded to remember those in bonds as bound with them; now this does not simply mean to think of them—it means that we give them the assistance in our power—that we protect them from violence—that we deliver them not up to the master—that we give them a shelter and a home from the fierce invader! If we stand idly by, and suffer the slave to be given up to the vile oppressor, how much better are we than the beasts of the field? Every friend of humanity will lift his voice in defence of those who are dumb, who cannot speak in their own defence, who must stand mute, not of their own malice, but of the malice of their enemies! Man was not intended solely a cotton dealer, or money exchanger; God gave him intellect for a higher, nobler purpose. Man was not made to stand in awe of man, nor to court the favour of any tyrant! His is a more exalted destiny. When the traitors of to-day shall have past away and be forgotten, another generation will spring into existence, more thoroughly imbued with the great principles of humanity, justice and philanthrophy. When the generation of masters, and their more infamous abettors of the North, shall leave the world, the principles of Freedom and justice will be more firmly established in the hearts of the American people. The tyranny of the South is fast developing a crisis which will result favourably to the freedom of the black man—nor him alone! The shameful treatment of Northern men in the Southern States is fast opening the eyes of the North. All right, ye noble Southerners, persevere in your villainous conduct, send your spies among us to betray the poor fugitive, and we shall soon see what will be the result of all this! Time will show (and the day is not distant,) what will be the result. Mighty be the clouds that are gathering, the North winds are in motion, and if treachery does not cease, terrible will be the storm!

'Man was not made for forms, but forms for man;
And there are times when law itself must bend
To that clear spirit that hath still outran
The speed of human justice. In the end
Potentates, not humanity must fall;
Water will find its level; fire will burn:
The winds must blow around the earthly ball;
The earthly ball by day and night must turn.
Freedom is typed in every element;
Man must be free! if not through law, why then
Above the law; until its force be spent,
And justice finds a better. When! O when!
Father of light! shall the great reckoning come,
To lift the weak and strike the oppressor dumb!'

The bowed down shall be lifted up. I feel that, sure as there is a God in Heaven, the oppressed shall yet be free! All the Cotton traffickers and money exchangers in the Union cannot defeat the wise purposes of Him who made of one blood all the nations of men that dwell on the face of the Earth. 'In a century hence, there will be but one race in the South;' so said Henry Clay; and I have seen enough to convince me that he was correct. In a century hence (could Slavery survive till then), what class will be masters and what class will be slaves? It will be impossible to distinguish them by colour; it is now, in some cases. Henry Clay admits Slavery is a wrong; for, said he, on a certain occasion, 'Slavery is justified by many on the ground of the natural inferiority of the African Race; but it cannot be sustained on such ground;—for, if this reasoning be correct, then the wisest man in the world would have the right to enslave all the rest.' It were better for his fame had he reasoned as soundly on the Compromise. Now, how can Henry Clay conscientiously—professing Religion as he does—demand the return of the fugitive? If Slavery is wrong to-day, it was wrong yesterday—eternally wrong! Henry Clay stands on very untenable ground—slippery *Clay*—when he admits Slavery a wrong, and yet demands the return of the fugitive. If trafficing in slaves is piracy on the high sea, why not on land? If it is piracy to catch them in Africa, why not piracy to catch them in New York? If the slave had a right to himself in Africa, he has a right to himself any where, for the right to himself he never surrendered. If, then, it is piracy to steal a man and make him a slave, it is piracy in him who holds him as such. What nonsense to exclaim against the thief while we use the stolen property! If the slaver had no right, where does the master get his? Clay, with all his ingenuity, cannot give a satisfactory answer. The truth is, he has no right; he never had, and never can have any! What a sin, what a wonder, what a shame it is, that here, in the middle of the Nineteenth Century, men can be found supporting an institution so utterly loathsome and vile! No wonder the heathen point to us and say, what will those Christians do next? Slavery and Freedom of Speech are so inimical, that they cannot exist together, notwithstanding the latter is guaranteed by the Constitution! Let a man go in any of the Slave States, and give utterance to the teachings of the Bible, and see how like vegetation before the early frost his prospects will wither! No, freedom of speech is not tolerated in the Slave States of this Union! They have never lived up to the Constitution! They accuse Abolitionists of treachery to that instrument! Why, they have never fulfilled its obligations; they have always been traitors to it as well as to humanity! Slavery cannot bear the light of investigation; it seeks darkness rather than light; it shrinks with terrour from the clear light of noon-day! It has things connected with it too dark, too foul, for the light of investigation. Lest the slaves should become better acquainted with their condition, laws are enacted by which it is made a crime to teach them! Wise and Christian law! Give attention to this important fact, O ye children of 'Free, Republican' America! In the year of our Lord and Saviour 1851, exist laws, in some of the States of this Union, forbidding men, women, and children—not of one complexion solely—the right to read the Bible! Glorious Republicanism this of ours, is it not? It is a fact, a well-known fact, that many a slave is as white as his master. What kind of Religion is that which denies to the coloured man the right to read the Bible? It is a peculiar Religion—the Compromise Religion! It was a maxim of Washington to 'labour to keep alive in his breast that little spark of celestial fire, Conscience.' But now, if a man obeys conscience, it is not celestial, but 'devilish.' Conscience must be set aside, that wicked laws may triumph. And the Fugitive Law is the most infernal that ever disgraced the Statute Book of any country. The Abolitionists are censured for using language too harsh, too censorious. It is not the way to reform the slaveholder, we are told. It may be well for such to look at the 23d chapter of Matthew, where Christ denounced eight woes against hypocrisy and blindness. 'Neither be ye called masters, for one is your Master, even Christ.' 'But wo unto you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! for ye shut up the kingdom of Heaven against men: for ye neither go in yourselves, neither suffer ye them that are entering to go in. Wo unto you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! for ye devour widows' houses, and for a pretence make long prayers; therefore ye shall receive the greater damnation. For ye compass sea and land to make one proselyte; and when he is made, ye make him two-fold more the child of hell than yourselves.' But when the Abolitionists say of the slaveholder, he is the chief of villains, 'it is too harsh, it will give offence.' What a pity it is that we should offend men who traffic in human flesh—who eat the bread of idleness—who rob the slave of that which is necessary to the comfort of himself and family—who are banded together in one unholy league for the purpose of robbing the poor and week, that they may live in the enjoyment of plenty! Fellow Citizens! I tell you, there is not in the whole vocabulary of the English language a single epithet too significant to express my detestation of the man who sustains the institution of Slavery. I do not denounce alike all who own slaves—far from it. But the man who wishes its perpetuity, I hold in utter abhorrence. If he be ignorant, I pity him: if he be enlightened, I detest him. If a man be a tyrant, we will call him a tyrant; if he be a pirate, we will call him a pirate; and if a man be a chief of villains, why, we must call him the chief of villains! Not that we wish him any evil, but because he is the chief of villains. Honied words have long enough been spoken; it is time we speak out like men. The voice of reason has failed to accomplish what we had hoped it would. Slaveholders only seem more hardened in iniquity. The friends of freedom have hoped for long years, and now we have been insulted by the passage of a law for the rendition of the fugitive! that disgusting fugitive law, demanded by the blood-hounds of the South, and acquiesced in by the dough-faces of the North. Citizens of the North! It is time we speak out in thunder-tones against this infamous law, and save ourselves from the reproach of future generations. We must prove that we are men, and not dogs! As we love liberty—as we love our country—as we hope for true honour here, and peace in the life of the world to come, we must stand by the oppressed of our own country, as well as by the oppressed of other countries. We must demand the immediate repeal of the Fugitive Law. Repeal! Repeal! must be on every tongue. If the people become right, the politicians will not lag behind. The pulpit will make haste to catch up; ministers of the Gospel will find the Bible Anti-Slavery without much effort. The People! the People! must get right—not wait for Preachers or Politicians; if we do, the work of regeneration will proceed slowly. If we can not get information through the Pulpit, we can through the Press—through some portions of it, at least. There are yet among us some worthy sons of Pilgrim Fathers—men who have sacrificed fortune, popularity, almost their lives, for the sake of the truth. Errour has triumphed long, but Truth is mighty and will prevail. Men, mighty in intellect, may lift their voices against it, but they cannot prevail. The voice of Webster was powerful when raised in defence of freedom, but now it is feeble as that of a child. His declamation, once earnest, and bold, and persuasive, is now powerless to stir the minds of men. When, on the last 4th

Miscellany.

HAMILTON AND BURR.

DISAPPOINTED, and all his hopes blighted, as he believed, by Hamilton's instrumentality, Burr became eager for vengeance. Humiliating was the contrast between himself and Hamilton, to whom, in his anger, he was ready to ascribe, not his political defeat merely, but his blasted character also. Though fallen from his former station of commanding influence in the conduct of affairs, Hamilton still enjoyed the unbounded confidence of a party, outnumbered, indeed, but too respectable to be despised; while, of his bitter opponents, none, with any pretensions to character or candour, doubted his honour or questioned his integrity. Burr, on the other hand, saw himself distrusted and suspected by every body, and just about to sink into political annihilation and pecuniary ruin. Two months' meditation on this desperate state of affairs wrought up his cold, implacable spirit to the point of risking his own life to take that of his rival. He might even have entertained the insane hope—for, though cunning and dexterous to a remarkable degree, he had no great intellect—that, Hamilton killed or disgraced, and thus removed out of the way, he might yet retrieve his desperate fortunes.

Among other publications made in the course of the late contest were two letters by a Dr. Cooper, a zealous partisan of Lewis, in one of which it is alleged that Hamilton had spoken of Burr as a "dangerous man, who ought not to be trusted with the reins of government." In the other letter, after repeating the above statement, Cooper adds, "I could detail to you a still more despicable opinion which General Hamilton has expressed of Mr. Burr."

Upon this latter passage Burr seized as the means of forcing Hamilton into a duel. For his agent and assistant therein he selected William P. Van Ness, a young lawyer, one of his most attached partisans, and not less dark, designing, cool, and implacable than himself. Van Ness was sent to Hamilton with a copy of Cooper's printed letter and a note from Burr, insisting upon "a prompt and unqualified acknowledgment or denial of the use of any expressions which would warrant Cooper's assertions."

Perfectly well acquainted both with Burr and Van Ness, and perceiving as well from Van Ness' conversation as from Burr's note a settled intention to fix a quarrel upon him, Hamilton declined any immediate answer, promising a reply in writing at his earliest convenience. In that reply he called Burr's attention to the fact that the word "despicable," however in its general signification it might imply imputations upon personal honour as to which explanations might be asked, yet, from its connection, as used in Dr. Cooper's letter, it apparently related merely to qualifications for political office, a subject, as nothing more was said about the definite statement referred to in the same letter, as to which it seemed to be admitted that no explanation was demandable. Still, Hamilton expressed a perfect readiness to avow or disavow any specific opinion which he might be charged with having uttered; but added that he never would consent to be interrogated generally as to whether he had ever said any thing in the course of fifteen years of political competition to justify inferences which others might have drawn, thus exposing his candour and sincerity to injurious imputations on the part of all who might have misapprehended him. "More than this," so the letter concluded, "can not fitly be expected from me; especially, it can not be reasonably expected that I shall enter into any explanations upon a basis so vague as that you have adopted. I trust, on more reflection, you will see the matter in the same light. If not, I can only regret the circumstance, and must abide the consequences."

Burr's curt, rude, and offensive reply began with intimating that Hamilton's letter was greatly deficient in that sincerity and delicacy which he professed so much to value. The epithet in question, in the common understanding of it, implied dishonour. It having been affixed to Burr's name upon Hamilton's authority, he was bound to say whether he had authorized it, either directly, or by uttering expressions or opinions derogatory to Burr's honour.

It was apparent from this letter, and it was subsequently distinctly stated by Van Ness, that what Burr required was a general disavowal on the part of Hamilton of any intention, in any conversation he might ever have held, to convey impressions derogatory to the honour of Burr.

Granting Burr's right to make this extraordinary inquisition into Hamilton's confidential conversations and correspondence, it would have been quite out of the question for Hamilton to make any such disavowal. His practice as a lawyer had given him full insight into Burr's swindling pecuniary transactions, and he had long regarded him, in his private as well as his political character, as a consummate villain, as reckless and unprincipled as he was cool, audacious, and enterprising—an opinion which he had found frequent occasion to express more or less distinctly while warning his Federal friends against the arts of Burr.

Desirous, however, to deprive Burr of any possible excuse for persisting in his murderous intentions, Hamilton caused a paper to be transmitted to him, through Pendleton, a brother lawyer, who acted as his friend in this matter, to the effect that, if properly addressed—for Burr's second letter was considered too insulting to admit of a reply—he should be willing to state that the conversation alluded to by Dr. Cooper, so far as he could recall it, was wholly in relation to politics, and did not touch upon Burr's private character; nor should he hesitate to make an equally prompt avowal or disavowal as to any other particular and specific conversation as to which he might be questioned.

But as Burr's only object was to find a pretext for a challenge, since he never could have expected the general disavowal he demanded, this offer was pronounced unsatisfactory and a mere evasion; and again, a second time, disavowing in the same breath the charge made against him of predetermined hostility, Burr requested Van Ness to deliver a challenge. Even after its delivery, Hamilton made a further attempt at pacific arrangement in a second paper, denying any attempt to evade, or intention to defy or insult, as had been insinuated, with particular reference to the closing paragraph of Hamilton's first letter, in Burr's observations, through Van Ness, on Hamilton's first paper. But this second paper Van Ness refused to receive, on the ground that the challenge had been already given and accepted. It was insisted, however, on Hamilton's part, as the Federal Circuit Court was in session, in which he had many important cases, that the meeting should be postponed till the Court was over, since he was not willing, by any act of his, to expose his clients to embarrassment, loss, or delay.

THE DUEL.

It was not at all in the spirit of the professed duelist, it was not upon any paltry point of honour, that Hamilton had accepted this extraordinary challenge, by which it was attempted to hold him answerable for the numerous imputations on Burr's character, bandied about in conversation and in the newspapers for two or three years past. The practice of duelling he utterly condemned; indeed, he had himself already been a victim to it in the loss of his eldest son, a boy of twenty, in a political duel some two years previously. As a private citizen, as a man under the influence of moral and religious sentiments, as a husband loving and loved, and the father of a numerous and dependent family, as a debtor honourably disposed, whose debtors might suffer by his death, he had every motive for avoiding the meeting. So he stated in a paper which, under a premonition of his fate, he took care to leave behind him. It was in his character of a public man; it was in that lofty spirit of patriotism, of which examples are so rare, rising high above all personal and private considerations—a spirit magnanimous and self-sacrificing to the last, however in this instance uncalled for and mistaken—that he accepted the fatal challenge. "The ability to be in future useful," such was his own statement of his motives, "whether in resisting mischief or effecting good in those crises of our public affairs which are likely to happen, would probably be inseparable from a conformity with prejudice in this particular."

With that candour towards his opponents by which Hamilton was ever so nobly distinguished, but of which so very seldom, indeed, did he ever experience any return, he disavowed in this paper, the last he ever wrote, any disposition to affix any odium to Burr's conduct in this particular case. He denied feeling toward Burr any personal ill will, while he admitted that Burr might naturally be influenced against him by hearing of strong animadversions in which he had indulged, and which, as usually happens, might probably have been aggravated in the report. These animadversions, in some cases, might have been occasioned by misconstruction or misinformation; yet his censures had not proceeded on light grounds nor from unworthy motives. From the possibility, however, that he might have injured Burr, as well as from his general principles and temper in relation to such affairs, he had come to the resolution which he left on record, and communicated also to his second, to withhold and throw away his first fire, and perhaps even his second; thus giving to Burr a double opportunity to pause and reflect.

The grounds of Weehawk, on the Jersey shore, opposite New York, were at that time the usual field of these single combats, then, chiefly by reason of the inflamed state of political feeling, of frequent occurrence, and very seldom ending without bloodshed. The day having been fixed, and the hour appointed at seven o'clock in the morning, the parties met, accompanied only by their seconds. The barge-men, as well as Dr. Hosack, the surgeon mutually agreed upon, remained, as usual, at a distance, in order, if any fatal result should occur, not to be witnesses. The parties having exchanged salutation, the seconds measured the distance of ten paces, loaded the pistols; made the other preliminary arrangements; and placed the combatants. At the appointed signal, Burr took deliberate aim, and fired. The ball entered Hamilton's side, and as he fell his pistol, too, was unconsciously discharged. Burr approached him apparently somewhat moved; but on the suggestion of his second, the surgeon and barge-men already approaching, he turned and hastened away, Van Ness coolly covering him from their sight by opening an umbrella. The surgeon found Hamilton half lying, half sitting on the ground, supported in the arms of his second. The pallor of death was on his face. "Doctor," he said, "this is a mortal wound;" and, as if overcome by the effort of speaking, he swooned quite away. As he was carried across the river, the fresh breeze revived him. His own house being in the country, he was conveyed at once to the house of a friend, where he lingered for twenty-four hours in great agony, but preserving his composure and self-command to the last.

DEATH OF HAMILTON.

The news of his death, diffused through the city, produced the greatest excitement. Even that party hostility of which he had been so conspicuous an object was quelled for the moment. All were now willing to admit that he was not less patriotic than able, and that in his untimely death—for he was only in his forty-eigth year—the country had suffered an irreparable loss. The general feeling expressed itself in a public ceremony, the mournful pomp of which the city had never seen equaled. A funeral oration was delivered in Trinity Church by Gouverneur Morris, at whose side, on the platform erected for the speaker, stood four sons of Hamilton, between the ages of sixteen and six. Morris briefly recapitulated Hamilton's public services and noble virtues—his purity of heart, his rectitude of intention, his incorruptible integrity. "I charge you to protect his fame!" he added; "it is all that he has left—all that these orphan children will inherit from their father. Though he was compelled to abandon public life, never for a moment did he abandon public service. He never lost sight of your interests. In his most private and confidential conversations, the single objects of discussion were your freedom and happiness. You know that he never courted your favour by adulation or the sacrifice of his own judgment. You have seen him contending against you, and saving your dearest interests, as it were, in spite of yourselves. And you now feel and enjoy the benefits resulting from the firm energy of his conduct. He was charged with ambition, and, wounded by imputations, he declared, in the proud independence of his soul, that he never would accept of any office unless, in a foreign war, he should be called on to expose his life in defense of his country. He was ambitious only of glory; but he was deeply solicitous for you. For himself he feared nothing; but he feared that bad men might, by false professions, acquire your confidence, and abuse it to your ruin."

In Hamilton's death the Federalists and the country experienced a loss second only to that of Washington. Hamilton possessed the same rare and lofty qualities, the same just balance of soul, with less, indeed, of Washington's severe simplicity and awe-inspiring presence, but with more of warmth, variety, ornament, and grace. If the Doric in architecture be taken as the symbol of Washington's character, Hamilton's belonged to the same grand style as developed in the Corinthian—if less impressive, more winning. If we add Jay for the Ionic, we have a trio not to be matched, in fact not to be approached, in our history, if, indeed, in any other. Of earth-born Titans, as terrible as great, now angels, and now toads and serpents, there are everywhere enough. Of the serene and benign sons of the celestial gods, how few at any time have walked the earth!

THE EUROPEAN REVOLUTION OF 1848.

PROBABLY since the fall of the Roman empire the world has never seen a year so eventful and distracting as 1848. It seemed like a century compressed into a lustrum. Never was there a year so distinguished beyond all previous example by the magnitude and the multiplicity of its political changes—by the violence of the shock which it gave to the framework of European society—by the oscillations of opinion and success between the two great parties in the continental struggle. Never was there a year so pregnant with instruction and with warning—so rich in the materials of wisdom both for sovereign and for people—so crowded with wrecks and ruins, with the ruins of ancient grandeur, and the wrecks of glorious anticipations—so filled with splendid promises and paltry realizations, with hopes brilliant and fantastic as fairy-land, with disappointments dismal and bitter as the grave. Thrones, which but yesterday had seemed based upon the everlasting hills, shattered in a day; sovereigns, whose wisdom had become a proverb, and sovereigns whose imbecility had become notorious, alike flying from their capitals, and abdicating without a natural murmur or a gallant struggle; rulers, who had long been the embodiment of obstinate resistance to all popular demands, vying with each other in the promptitude and the extent of their concessions; statesmen of the longest experience, the deepest insight, the acutest talent—statesmen like Metternich and Guizot—baffled, beaten, and chased away, and reaching their foreign banishment only to turn and gaze with a melancholy and bewildered air on the *ecroulement* of schemes and systems of policy, the construction of which had been the labour of a lifetime; eminent men sinking into obscurity, and going out like snuff; obscure men rising at one bound into eminence and power; ambitious men finding the objects of their wildest hopes suddenly placed within their grasp; utopian dreamers staggered and intoxicated by seeing their most gorgeous visions on the point of realization; patriots beholding the sudden and miraculous advent of that liberty which they had prayed for, fought for, suffered for, through years of imprisonment, poverty, and exile; nations which had long pined in darkness, dazzled and bewildered by the blaze of instantaneous light; the powerful smitten with impotence; the peasant and the bondsman endowed with freedom and unresisted might; the first last and the last first;—such were the strange phenomena of that marvellous era, which took away the breath of the beholder, which the journalist was unable to keep pace with, and "which panting Time toiled after in vain."

The year opened with great tranquility. In two quarters only of Europe had there been any indications of the coming earthquake; and to both of these the eyes of all friends of freedom were turned with hopeful interest and earnest sympathy. The first dawn of a new day had arisen in a country where least of all it could have been looked for—in Rome. There, in a state long renowned for the most corrupt, imbecile, mischievous administration of the western world, a new pope, in the prime of life, full of respect for his sacred office, and deeply impressed with the solemn responsibilities of his high position, set himself, with serious purpose and a single mind, though with limited views and inadequate capacities, to the task of cleansing those Augean stables from the accumulated filth of centuries. He commenced reform—where reform, though most rare, is always the most safe—from above; he purified the grosser parts of the old administrative system; he showed an active determination to put down all abuse, and to give his people the benefit of a really honest government; he ventured on the bold innovation, in itself a mighty boon and a strange progress, of appointing laymen to offices of State; and, finally, he convoked a representative assembly, and gave the Romans a constitution—the first they had seen since the days of Rienzi. His people were, as might have been anticipated, warmly grateful for the gifts, and enthusiastically attached to the person of their excellent pontiff; all Europe looked on with delight; Pio Nono was the hero of the day; and everything seemed so safe, so wise, so happy, that we felt justified in hoping that a new day had really dawned upon the ancient capital of the world.

Sicily, too, had about the same time entered upon a struggle to recover some portion of her promised freedom and her stolen rights. Her wrongs had been so flagrant, so manifold, so monstrous; the despotism under which she groaned was at once so incapable, so mean, so low, so brutal: her condition was so wretched, and her capabilities so vast, that the sympathies of the world went with her in her struggle with her false and bad oppressor. All ranks of her citizens were unanimous in their resolution of resistance; even the priests, elsewhere the ready tools of tyranny, here fought on the side of the people, and blessed the arms and banners of the reformers; and what was still more remarkable, and of more hopeful augury, all classes seemed to put mutual jealousies aside, and to be actuated by the same spirit of sincere, self-denying, self-sacrificing patriotism. Their demands were moderate, but firm, and so reasonable that the mere fact of such demands having to be made, was an indelible disgrace to Naples. So far, too, their course had been singularly cautious; they had committed no blunder, they had displayed no sanguinary passion, and no violent excitement, and it was impossible not to hope everything from a contest so wisely conducted, and so unimpeachably just. At length, on the 8th of February, the Sicillians having been everywhere victorious, the preliminaries of an arrangement with the King of Naples were agreed to, on the basis of the constitution of 1812. So far all went well.

In the meantime, excited or warned by the example of the pope, and the enthusiasm of the Romans, other Italian princes began to move in the path of improvement. The King of Sardinia, the Grand Duke of Tuscany, and the King of Naples, promised a constitution to their subjects, and actually took measures for carrying these promises into effect. The excitement soon reached Lombardy; popular movements took place at Milan, but were repressed by the Austrian government with even more than wonted promptitude and severity. Hungary had for some years been making great efforts towards national improvement, and some relaxation of the old feudal privileges, as well as towards a recovery of their old constitutional liberties. But Austria had steadily repressed all such exertions; and a long course of perfidy and oppression had at length so exasperated the Hungarians, and united all parties among them against the common enemy, that it became evident that the contest was approaching to an open rupture.

Such was the position of affairs when the French revolution of February came like an earthquake, astounding nations, "and, with fear of change, perplexing monarchs." The events which ensued are still fresh in the memory of all men. The democratic party throughout the whole of central Europe burned to follow the example of a movement the success of which had been so signal and so prompt. The effect was electric; but not everywhere, nor altogether, wholesome. The friends of freedom felt that the time was come to assert their cause, and to claim, without fear of a refusal, the rights so long withheld; while those nations which had already taken some steps towards the attainment of free institutions, and had hitherto deemed their progress rapid and brilliant beyond their most sanguine anticipations, now began to regard it as tardy, *jog-trot*, and inadequate. They looked askance on constitutional monarchy, and began to sigh for a republic. The arrangement between the Sicilians and their sovereign, which had been all but concluded, was broken off, in consequence of an augmentation of the popular demands; while Tuscany, Sardinia, and Rome began to think their liberal rulers scarce liberal enough. At Berlin, where some tardy steps had at length been taken towards the advent of a constitutional government, the people were anxious to get on faster than the fears or the opinions of the monarch could go with them; an insurrection broke out, and a sanguinary contest of two days' duration desolated the city, and terminated in the scarcely veiled defeat of the crown. This was on the 18th of March. On the 6th, an insurrection took place at Munich, which resulted in the exaction of extensive reforms, and was shortly afterwards followed by the abdication of the king. On the 14th, a revolution broke out at Vienna, which ended in the flight of Prince Metternich, and the proclamation of a representative government. On the 19th, the Austrians were driven out of Milan, and a provisional government was established in Lombardy. Thus, in a month from the outbreak of the French revolution, the whole of central Europe was revolutionised.

Such is a summary of these astounding events, the like of which were assuredly never crowded into so brief a portion of time. The popular party—the friends of free institutions and constitutional rule—everywhere aroused and everywhere triumphant, achieving, with an ease and rapidity which partook of the miraculous, the most decisive victories over the oldest, sternest, rustiest administrative systems of Europe,—were everywhere followed by the sympathy, the admiration, and the prayers of all lovers of humanity, and everywhere strong with the strength that such sympathy must always give.

Where now are all those bright prospects vanished?—which of all those mighty changes have become permanent?—what has been the enduring fruit of all these brilliant victories?—where now are to be found all those fresh, young, sanguine constitutions? With scarcely an exception, everything has fallen back into its old condition. In nearly every state the old demon of despotism has returned, bringing with it worse devils than itself. Hungary and Hesse are crushed; Bavaria has been degraded into the brutal tool of a more brutal tyrant; the Prussian people are sullen, desponding, and disarmed, and the Prussian government sunk into a terrible abyss of degradation; Austria has a new emperor, more insolently despotic than any of his predecessors for many a long year; and throughout Germany constitutional liberty has been effectually trampled out. In Italy, Venice and Lombardy have been re-conquered, and are now experiencing the *ve victis*; Tuscany is worse, because more Austrian than before, and alarmed at the peril she has incurred; the small duchies are as bad as ever—they could not be worse; the pope, terrified out of his benevolence and his patriotism, has been restored by foreign arms, and the old ecclesiastical abominations are reinstated in their old supremacy; while Naples and Sicily are again prostrate at the feet of the most imbecile and brutal of the incurable race of the Bourbons. Two short years have passed away since Europe presented to the lover of liberty and human progress the most smiling aspect she had ever won; and in this brief space of time, an inexorable destiny has gathered together all the far reaching anticipations, all the noble prospects, all the rapid conquests, all the rich achievements of that memorable era, and covered them over with these two narrow words—*Hic jacet.*—*North British Review.*

FREEDOM OF THE PRESS IN FRANCE.

THE following correspondence will be read with interest by those who are acquainted with the recent trial and conviction of M. Charles Hugo for writing an article in condemnation of the punishment of death:

Address of Journalists of Great Britain and Ireland to M. Charles Hugo:

"SIR:—We think it will not be deemed an ill-timed interference, if, as members of the newspaper press of a friendly country, we express our indignation [at the flagrant outrage, that, in your cruel imprisonment, has been committed on the rights, we, in common, possess.] The literati of Europe, and of your sister Republic across the Atlantic, have long looked with astonishment at the shackled press of France; and your case presents features which seem especially to justify a remonstrance. We feel, sir, that the discussion upon questions of such vast import to humanity as that of Capital Punishment, if it is to produce any valuable result, must be free and unawed; that the Civil Power steps out of its lawful sphere when it enters the studio of the journalist and gags the mouth of the writer, who endeavours, as he thinks, to apply the laws of Christianity and the deductions of reason, to practical life; and that it becomes ludicrously tyrannical when it declares such 'institutions' as the guillotine, to be unapproachable ground. Such a power would have made *Portia* pay the bond that *Shylock* held. A ruthless and insane despotism [is striving to substitute a reign of brute force for that of reason, as expressed in the popular will; it creates sepulchres, and declares the silence of death to be peace; it manacles the limbs and boasts that its sway is undisputed.] You, sir, are one of its victims. England has reaped innumerable blessings from a free press; happily amongst us the authorities of the State, as well as the masses of the people, recognise that freedom as the dearest safeguard of our liberties, and as an educational agency of the highest importance. May France—enlightened and generous—soon see that, by the net-work in which she entangles her gifted writers, she is crippling her energies and disarming herself in the presence of gigantic foes. We trust that this spontaneous expression of our sympathy will, in some degree, lessen the harshness of your vexatious position, and render less painful the sense of [injury] which must accompany [a breach of justice,] and a miserable, if not altogether wilful, misunderstanding of the purest of motives.

(Signed.)

"DOUGLASS JERROLD, MARK LEMON, THORNTON HUNT, J. A. HERAUD, F. G. TOMLINS, and by the editors of the *Daily News*, *Morning Advertiser*, *&c.*, *&c.*

LETTER OF M. VICTOR HUGO.

Paris, August 20, 1851.

SIR:—I leave it to my son to speak. It is for him to convey to you—it is for him to convey to your honourable brother journalists—all that we have felt in consequence of that great support of sympathy which has just come to solace him in the depth of his prison. You have done more than recompense, you have glorified him.

It will be the enduring honour of his life to have been the occasion of such a manifestation.

This manifestation is something more than a mere letter addressed by free writers to an oppressed writer: it is a symbol of the alliance of all the forces of civilization, henceforth converging towards a common object; it is the communion of two great nations in one idea of humanity.

Be so good, sir, as to receive, and transmit to your honourable friends, the assurance of my lively sympathy and profound gratitude. VICTOR HUGO.

Prison of the Concergerie, August 20, 1851.

Gentlemen and dear Friends of the Press of Great Britain and Ireland:

I thank you from the depth of my heart for the words which in your kindness you have addressed to me. Did I condescend to honour with my regrets the condemnation that has been launched against me, this memorable proof of your generous sympathies would amply console me. I am touched at it, confused by it, proud of it; I seek in vain for words to express the gratitude I feel for so much kindness—I, who am but one of the least tried of the journalists of our press, and among the most obscure of those who are in our prison.

You [pay me, and far overpay me, for my six months of captivity. I am ignorant of having done anything to merit such a punishment. I know well that I have done nothing to deserve such a recompense.

Permit me then, gentlemen, to forget myself in answering you. I am as nothing in the cause which has procured my condemnation; the very feeling which has inspired your expressions is as far above the individual as that immense question of the inviolability of human life, which has so long been troubling the conscience of legislators.

Yes, gentlemen, every reader of your address can but have seen in it this two-fold fact—a great people stretching out the hand to a great idea—the press of England stretching out the hand to the press of France.

It belonged, of right, to you, the most free-thoughted writers of the freest press in the world, to take the initiative in these cordial expressions of sympathy from press to press. It is right for England, in the actual condition of affairs, to unite herself to France, as every people that is obeyed, ought to make common cause with every people that is oppressed. The sovereign liberty of the press in England owes the duty of concurrence and support to the dying liberty of the press in France. You have solemnized an act of political brotherhood.

I will say more, gentlemen, you have solemnized an act of social brotherhood.

England and France, if I may be allowed the expression, time the march of nations. It would seem that these two noble peoples have but one emulation and one ambition—to outstrip one another in the onward path of progress. You English have given the world illustrious examples. Was it not your Byron who first fought for Greece? Your Wilberforce who entered the first protest against Slavery?

Concurrently with the public writers of France, you are engaged in tearing away the mask from barbarism wherever you surprise it in the act of crime, in the broad daylight of the nineteenth century. Is it not from an English breast that there has gone forth that noble cry of indignation against the manifold iniquities wrought in the name and under the shadow of the Church by the infamous King of Naples? Is it not one of your statesmen who has denounced, in the face of the Gospel, the executioner-king who calls himself the servant of the martyr-God?

We are both at the same post—we, when we oppose the shedding of blood on that guillotine which calls itself consecrated—you, when you suffer not the violation of humanity in the prisons of royalty. Both are committing—you against the throne of Naples—we against the scaffold of the Rue St. Jacques, the same crime of High Treason.

Gentlemen, the cause of Capital Punishment Abolition is, every day, making incalculable progress. It walks—it runs—it flies. They may enchain its advocates, but it they cannot arrest. The cause leaves the writer in his prison, but itself remains free.

Who shall, henceforth, stop the march of the People, with France and England in their van, and bearing on their banner the two words which comprise all politics and all philosophy—

Democracy! Humanity!

CHARLES HUGO.

Speaking of these letters, the London *Leader* says:

"Here we find a young man of rare promise—not twenty-one years of age—who already wields his pen with strength enough to make the guillotine totter; and for expressing his abhorrence of the institution, after an execution more than usually brutal in its incidents, he is cast into prison for six months.—Imagine Charles Dickens indicted for an article against capital punishment. The condemned article of M. Charles Hugo is as remarkable in its dignified moderation, and in its respect for law, as it is striking and able in composition, and picturesque in language. But in punishing the son, those models of political probity, MM. Baroche and Leon Faucher, struck at the father, under whose indignant oratory they had so often quailed. Victor Hugo was the intended victim.

"May this expression of sympathy be not only a consolation to the father and the son, but a true earnest of 'the communion of two great Peoples in an idea of humanity'! M. Charles Hugo has the modesty and the good taste to forget the person in the principle. But what a condition of government his words, 'the expiring liberty of the French Press,' reveals! We bid him take courage. Reaction is for a moment, but liberty is as eternal as justice, France will not return to the good old times of 1751."

THE DEATHWATCH.

THE ominous deathwatch when drawn from its hiding-place in old perforated floor or wainscoat, picture-frame, chest, or black-lettered volume, comes forth (a mouse from a mountain of fear!) a tiny beetle, of some quarter of an inch in length, and in its prevailing hues of gray and brown resembling the colour of the time-worn wood whose decay they help (especially in their grubhood) to accelerate. That alarming "tick," to which at midnight many a timorous heart has beat in unison, is generally to be heard first in May, and on to autumn, by day as well as by night; and, being considered analogous in purpose to the "call" of pairing birds, has, in reality, as little of ominous about it. The sound is not vocal, but consists of a series of quick successive beats, produced usually by the striking of the insect's mailed head upon the hard substance whereon it may be standing, or into which it has penetrated, most likely while a grub. Some have supposed the grub itself to be the drummer; but, if this sometimes be the case, the perfect beetle is a drummer too, various accurate observers having been eye as well as ear witnesses of its performance. There are various species of these ticking—or, more properly, beating—beetles of the genus *Anobium*, of which a marked characteristic is the concealment, nearly, of the head beneath the thora. Amongst these, two noted drummers are distinguished by their uniforms—in other words, by the marking of their wing cases, which in one are straited, in the other tesselated. Another of a plain dark brown (*Anobium pertinax*), frequent in holes of old wood, has long been famous for its pertinacity in stimulating death, and for displaying a seeming indifference to torture, comparable only to the American Indian.

De Geer affirms, upon experiments which it needs not to repeat, that you may "maim, pull limb from limb, or roast over a slow fire, this pertinacious creature, and not a joint will move in token that it suffers. A curious instance, this, of the unconquerable power of an instinct implanted for self-preservation." However insignificant in their imputed attributes, these woodboring beetles are by no means despicable in their actual proceedings. Where abundant, not only chairs, tables, and books have been reduced to powder, but even buildings have suffered from their combined agency. Curtis mentions the roof of King's College, Cambridge, having been seriously damaged by their operations, and thinks that the same species (*Anobium tessellatum*) has been known to cut through sheet lead. He had himself seen tinfoil perforated by the grub of another species, also an underminer of floors, a destroyer of herbariums, and of ship biscuit. Besides the above, there is another insect deathwatch, in the ear of the vulgar, of very similar, and, doubtless, confounded sound, although in the eye of the naturalist it is a piece of living mechanism of make and structure altogether different. This is no ticking beetle, but a ticking wood or timber louse; a *Termes* allied to those far-famed destructives, the white ants of Africa and Southern Europe. Mr. Rennie thus describes it:

"It is not so large as the common louse, but whiter and more slender, having a red mouth and yellow eyes. It lives in old books, paper or walls, collections of insects and dried plants, and is evidently agile in its movements, darting by jerks into dark corners for concealment. It does not like to run straight forward without resting every half second, as if to listen, or look about for, its pursuer, and at such resting times it is easily taken. The ticking noise is made by the insect beating against the wood with its head; and it is supposed by some to be peculiar to the female, and connected with the laying of her eggs." The ticking of this apterous deathwatch, instead of being repeated at intervals a certain number of times (usually from seven to eleven), as that of the beetle, is continued like a veritable watch, without intermission. Such is the living main-spring of the deathwatch, when taken from out its wooden case; and, though all its terrors vanish on being brought to light, it is easy enough to account for their origin in connection with place, time, and circumstance. Most heard in old (perhaps haunted) houses, proceeding from wainscoat or from bed's head, perhaps from picture-frame to grim old portrait, as if the "tick, tick" of the invisible timepiece issued verily from the laced fob-pocket of some buried ancestor, or heard, possibly, with creeping awe, to proceed "tick, tick, tick," from the elmwood of a coffin before consigned with its mute tenant to the earth; heard, too, by night wakers, the sick and the solitary, or the night watchers, keeping their vigil beside the dying or the dead—who can wonder that with such concomitants, the hearts of the ignorant should have often, and may sometimes still, echo fearfully, the beat of the deathwatch? And, perhaps, with all our little knowledge, our own might, under the like circumstances, do the same thing.—*Episodes of Insect Life.*

CHIPS.

A HINT TO HATTERS.

For the last two or three years there has been waged in this country a guerilla warfare against hats. Up to a recent time, little was done; but much was promised to be done during the weeks in which we now are living. Among the matters talked of when the Great Exhibition was in prospect, was a display from France of new ideas for European clothing. We have not seen those new ideas, and to say truth are far from curious about them. It was said that a congress of artists from all nations was to meet in London, and design some fitting substitute for those ungainly cylinders with which we now burthen our heads. The artists have not met; for which forbearance we return them our most hearty thanks. Who can say what we have escaped? Possibly the artist's choice might have fallen upon peaked and broad-brimmed banditti caps, with a long cock's feather. Mr. Hume might have been seen "going down to the House" in a cap like that worn by the Italian Herd-boy of shop-windows, or in a turned-up sombrero, like that sported by Don Ferolo Whiskerandos in Sheridan's farce. The French not having enlightened us, the artists not having met, what hope remains for the hatters of hat? Let us consider.

In the first place, it is laid down as a main principle, that our quarrel is with hats, but not with hatters. Unflinching advocates of protection to British industry lay it down as an inflexible rule, that if we require a sudden revolution—substituting, say, cloth caps for hats—and get what we require, we ruin a trade, and take bread out of the cupboard of many honest families. Now, hats are a great nuisance; no man out of Bedlam disputes that. They are an absurd roofing for the capital of the human column—the noblest member of the human body. In the past history of English costume, we can find no cover for men's heads so egregiously ridiculous as that which posterity will see to have been worn by the heroes of '51. In a crowd they are in the way of those behind us if we keep them on, and they probably get smashed if we take them off: we have to hold them gingerly, manœuvre them, have two thoughts for the hat, and one thought for ourselves. They are a source of headaches, and in windy weather they call our attention from all other thoughts, because our minds must then be concentrated on the hat. We must press it over our brows tightly enough to cause a deep red ring upon the forehead; and that done we must be on the alert for any puff of wind which may require us to carry up our hands for its preservation: because the great surface of a column slenderly supported at its base, renders it very liable indeed to be blown over. This is all very true, but all these discomforts and inconveniences it is better that we should bear; it is better that we should abide a slow process of change, than that one family should be reduced to poverty for a gain to the community comparatively trifling. A great number of families were ruined by the abandonment of shoe buckles. Cloth-buttons, it is well known, reduced many respectable members of the metal-button trade to their respective workhouses. We should like to avoid any such accompaniment to the abandonment of hats.

This is our firstly; for our secondly, we may express an opinion that the abandonment of hats, without injury to hatters, is a change now gradually taking place. You shake your head. Well, we will put by that suggestion for a few minutes, and consider what sort of substitue for chimney-pot hats we, in this country, may be expected reasonably to desire. The Greek cap is often pointed to as something picturesque. In as far as its shape accords with the wearer's head, and does not carricature the outline of the wearer's body, it is very well. It suits the costume and climate of the Greeks, but, I diffidently submit, not the English dress and drizzle.—A cap of many colours would not match our sober broad-cloth dress, and a sober skull-cap, without any brim, would pour the rain that fell on it over our faces in wet weather. In England, certainly, the brim is an essential portion of the hat: we want eaves to the roofing of our heads;—not monstrous umbrella brims, like those of the hats seen in the Tunis department of our Exhibition, but a moderate projection. The Greeks would have put brims to their caps if they had lived under an English sky.—Up the White Nile, the Keks are a race of people wearing skull-caps. They coat their hair with the Nile mud, letting it dry in the sun, so that they seem to go about entirely bald, with earthen skull-caps.—If they lived in a rainy country, it would not need many showers to inform them that a mud-pie was unpleasant wearing. Every man to his taste; but neither mud caps, nor Greek caps would suit London weather. A simple head-covering, a skull-cap with a brim, would answer the exigencies of our case in the simplest manner. Such a head-covering was introduced, not many years ago, under the name of "wide-awake," by hatters. It was made of felt, and was meant for garden-wear. Such hats have been long worn by our rustic population. Who would have supposed that hatters themselves, introducing "wide-awakes," began unconsciously to work the hat reform?

Let us refer to another change that has unconsciously crept in. Some years ago, every respectable hat was, or professed to be, an edifice of beaver's fur. The unhappy race of beavers was almost exterminated; beaver fur was very dear. But—long life to the Beaver—a silk imitation was introduced. There were then silk hats and beaver hats; but the silk hats were considered to have been created for the poor or shabby portion of society. Who can say in what month or in what year opinion changed? yet we all know that in the present day we have consigned beaver hats to the band-boxes of country squires, and the manufacture of silk piles has slipped in at the last moment, to save the beaver from following the Dodo into history and out of life; while its substitute has rescued the hat-trade from the union.

It is in this way, very gradually, that the felt hats called "wide-awakes," have made their way; they have risen already to a glory beyond that of their native felt, are made of fine material, and crown the prettiest faces in the world. Our English ladies, without calling meetings or creating any stir, have done what English gentlemen have talked about, have for their own parts done away with hats for their own Equestrian wear. Ladies who ride with cylinders upon their heads are now no longer to be seen. They wear the "wide-awake;" they are emancipated; they appear in reasonable hats, and never will be seen in cylinders again. Omitting feathers, and such decorations as become the English woman, but do not become the man, hats of this form can be adapted to our male costume, and by this change of fashion there accrues no injury to hatters. The change will not be made by public meetings, or by the Anti-hat Association. It is a change in progress, slowly but surely, following the current of opinion. The time has arrived when any hatter may perceive the point to which the public taste is turning. The rest of the hat reform is in the hands of hatters; if they will leave off making cylinders, and offer to the public hats resembling those now worn by ladies—modifications of the wide-awake—they will be well backed by the public. How many fashions of paletots and Chesterfields have been created by our tailors to their own benefit? Why, then, are hatters at a stand-still? Why, in the face of universal discontent, do they still sell what the public does not like to buy? If hatters ever live to be deserted, as the buckle-makers and the manufacturers of shank buttons were, they will have nothing to blame for the misfortune but their own inactivity.

In the meantime we would suggest that a great step towards the abandonment of our uncomely and uncomfortable form of hat would be made, if it were removed from the heads of our policemen, postmen, and all street officials who wear uniform. We do not mean that policemen Z 1 would set a fashion to her Majesty's more fashionable lieges; but there would be so many cylinders less in a street view, so many innovations more; the public eye would be made more familiar with change; and, in the face of such a demonstration, private men who might be first to walk in the amended hats would not look singular. Be this as it may, however, we do hope that hatters can be active. Others, who deal in dress create demand for change. Why, then, are hatters immutable?—*Dickens' Household Words.*

Gleanings from Foreign Publications.

——ON THE WORD "RAISED" AS USED BY THE AMERICANS.—An American, in answer to an inquiry as to the place of his birth, says, "I was raised in New York," &c. Was it ever an English phrase? And if so, by what English writer of celebrity was it ever used? Dr. Franklin, in a letter to John Alleyne, Esq. Aug. 9, 1768, says:—"By these early marriages we are blest with more children; and from the mode among us, founded in nature, of every mother suckling and nursing her own child, more of them are raised."—*From "Notes and Queries."*

——GOLD IN AUSTRALIA.—The discovery of the fact by Mr. Hargrave (says the *Bathurst Free Press*), that the country from the Mountain Ranges to an indefinite extent in the interior, is one immense gold field, has produced a tremendous excitement in the town of Bathurst, and the surrounding districts. For several days after our last publication, the business of the town was utterly paralyzed. A complete mental madness appears to have seized almost every member of the community, and, as a natural consequence, there has been an universal rush to the diggings.

——ANCIENT ORANGE TREES IN PARIS.—Workmen, says Galignani, are employed at present in repairing the cases containing the orange trees of the Tuileries garden. These trees are of great age, some going back as far as 700 years, and the youngest 300. Every twenty years the earth in each case is changed, and during the three following years they appear sickly.—They then acquire fresh strength, and throw out an immense quantity of blossoms. It is this periodical change of nourishment which has led to their longevity

——The first part of a curious work has just been published in Paris,—a catalogue of the manuscripts and autographs stolen from the public libraries of France. Abstractions have doubtless been made to feed the productive public sales of autographs, which, during the last fourteen years, have been not fewer than ninety-five, compromising 58,000 pieces. M. Arago, adds the London *Literary Gazette*, has publicly announced